

MAY 4, 1901.

# The Academy



WEEKLY & THREEPENCE

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His Grace the LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY will preside at the 111th ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the ROYAL LITERARY FUND, at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, W.C., on Friday, May 17th, at 7 for 7.30 p.m. precisely.

Gentlemen willing to act as Stewards are requested to communicate as soon as possible with the Secretary.

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## The Literary Week.

IN future M. Maeterlinck's drama, *Aglavaine and Selysette* will be published by Mr. George Allen. M. Maeterlinck's new book, *The Life of the Bee*, will be issued next week. From a passage describing the scope of the book, written by the author, we take the following:

... I shall say scarcely anything that those will not know who are somewhat familiar with bees. The notes and experiments I have made during my twenty years of bee-keeping I shall reserve for a more technical work, for their interest is necessarily of a special and limited nature, and I am anxious not to overburden this essay. I wish to speak of the bees very simply, as one speaks of a subject one knows and loves to those who know it not. I do not intend to adorn the truth, or merit the just reproach *neamur* addressed to his predecessors in the study of our honey-flies, whom he accused of substituting for the marvellous reality marvels that were imaginary and merely plausible. The fact that the hive contains so much that is wonderful does not warrant our seeking to add to its wonders. Besides, I myself have now for a long time ceased to look for anything more beautiful in this world, or more interesting, than the truth; or at least than the effort one is able to make towards the truth. I shall state nothing therefore that I have not verified myself, or that is not so fully accepted in the text-books as to render further verification superfluous. . . .

MR. CHURTON COLLINS cannot complain of the length and number of the criticisms that his *Ephemera Critica* evoked. In the current *Longman's* Mr. Lang makes his cargo almost entirely of a characteristic notice of the volume. No doubt, Mr. Collins metaphorically patted himself on the back when he read the following item of "University Intelligence," the foundation of the scholarship being the result of the chapters in *Ephemera Critica* on which he set the highest store:

OXFORD.—A decree was passed by Convocation accepting the offer by Mr. John Passmore Edwards of the sum of £1,675 for the endowment of a scholarship for the encouragement of the study of English literature in its connexion with the classical literatures of Greece and Rome, approving the regulations made for the scholarship, and recording the gratitude of the University for Mr. Passmore Edwards's munificence. The first examination for this scholarship will be held in the academical year, beginning at Michaelmas, 1902.

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language will be shown in such a way as to aid public library committees, booksellers, private collectors, and the general reader in the selection of the greatest works of literature, whether imaginative, scientific, historical, or technical. The first section, dealing with prose fiction, will be issued in the course of this year, and will comprise practically every novel in the English language which is worth preserving, either on account of its style, plot, or other matter, together with all necessary subject-indices, to make the book a comprehensive guide to the best fiction.

MR. W. B. YEATS writes: "I have just sent the following letter to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*: 'Sir,—I have been sent a cutting from the *Daily Mail* of April 26, beginning: "A representative of the *Daily Mail* had a short conversation yesterday with Mr. W. B. Yeats the poet, who, with Mr. George Moore and Mr. Robert Martin, is practically responsible for the Irish Literary Movement." It is no part of my purpose to correct the inaccuracies in this sentence or in the report of my opinions which follows it, but I think it my duty to state that your representative did not ask permission to publish my opinions. It is obvious that the practice of quoting in the Press private conversations, however unimportant in themselves, if generally adopted, would make it impossible to receive a representative of the Press as the equal of men of breeding.'"

MRS. CRAIGIE, who is enjoying a holiday in Italy, has just left Florence for Venice.

IN the preface to his new book, Dr. Jessopp gives the following agreeable piece of autobiography:

When, some twenty years ago, the country living which I now hold was offered me by the kind friend to whom the patronage belonged, I accepted it with little hesitation, and I did so with my eyes open, and not without counting the cost. I knew that in joining the ranks of the country clergy I was burning my ships and that there was no professional future before me. I have never regretted my decision. I have found an abiding joy and pride in doing my best for my people, and studying them and their ways in the present, while trying to learn something about their forefathers and their ways in the past.

It will be interesting to see to what book the following "Dedication," published this week by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, belongs:

Do you remember how at Airolo  
We went through fields in which wild lilies grew,  
With blue forget-me-nots and pansies pied,  
And all the flowers whose names we never knew?

Do you remember how at Airolo  
I made a posy of the white and blue,  
And thought, "Such lilies Mary has in Heaven,"  
And brought them to my dearest and to you?

Dear, as I brought the best of Airolo,  
The lilies shining with the morning dew,  
So with the best of these the songs I make—  
I bring them to my dearest and to you.



CALM, grave, fearless, Tolstoi's reply to the Holy Synod's decree of excommunication is a remarkable utterance. Many will rejoice in this pronouncement coming from the heart of the great Russian. The full reply will be found in last Tuesday's *Temps*. Here is the final passage:

It may be that my beliefs offend, afflict, or scandalise some persons; it may be that they disturb or displease; but it is not in my power to change these beliefs any more than it is possible for me to change my body. I must live and shall be obliged to die—and before long—yet all this interests only myself. I cannot believe otherwise than I do believe at the moment when I am preparing to return to this God from whom I came. I do not say that my faith has been the only incontestably true faith for all times, but I do not see any other simpler or clearer, none which responds better to the requirements of my mind and heart. If suddenly there should be revealed another faith, better capable of satisfying me, I would adopt it at once, for truth is the only thing that is of importance to God. As for returning to the doctrines from which I emancipated myself at the price of so much suffering, I cannot do so. The bird that has taken its flight can never return to the shell out of which it came.

MEANWHILE, the Count has his critics. That "Tolstoi is not a Tolstoyite" is the burden of a rather trenchant article by Mr. G. L. Calderon in the May *Monthly Review*. Mr. Calderon contends that Tolstoi has never been able to carry his own teachings into practice in his own home, and that the position accorded to him as a "prophet" is based on the many-headed, muddle-headed reverence of the half-educated, with whom inconsistency goes down easily. He distinguishes between the "right Tolstoi who leads his kindly, meek, lovable life at Yasnaya Polyana, and wrong Tolstoi, who writes the books and pamphlets decrying all the best that mankind has achieved." Some trenchant criticism of Tolstoi's exposition of the Bible follows; and then we have a slightly malicious account of Tolstoi's experience of his own system:

He had declared governments, law and property bad, and it was his duty to eschew the advantages of them. Incidentally he had rejected also tobacco, alcohol and meat. But life was hard with him. His brother-in-law says that, so far from being happy when he had evolved this scheme for the only possible happiness, he became depressed in his spirits. His wife and children had no idea of giving up the property at Yasnaya Polyana and working in the fields for their daily bread. Then, again, he was troubled by visitors. Déroulède came and tried to enlist his sympathies on behalf of the Revanche; romantic ladies came—a sort that he could not abide—and wanted to "learn life"; practical ladies came and threatened to blow out their brains if they could not have a thousand roubles on the spot. The wrong Tolstoi says that if people ask for money it is not charitable, but only polite to give it to them; he also says that if people steal things it is because they need them, and therefore have a right to them; but history relates that when these ladies came the right Tolstoi lost his temper and the Countess sent them away. Then Tolstoi made a pair of boots—which is apparently a good thing to do—and was disgusted when he found that one of his admirers kept them at home in a glass case. The Government was very kind and forbearing to him; but business is business, and Tolstoi was summoned as a witness in a law-case to the local court. Fräulein Seuron, who was governess at Yasnaya Polyana, avers that Tolstoi appeared in his sheep-skin, laid a roll of roubles on the table, said, "You cannot force me to swear; there is my fine for non-appearance," and fled.

Finally:

Tolstoi is a hesitating prophet, who never rests in any affirmation or negation, but says: "This is true . . . at least it may be true . . . but no, on the whole I am sure that it is untrue." While his disciples take down his words and proclaim as their creed: "We are sure that this is true, that it may be true, and that on the whole it is not true."

Tolstoi the novelist does not come into Mr. Calderon's view.

"JOLLY rotten" was the verdict of a certain young man on a certain novel of the day, and on his racy remark a writer in the May *Macmillan* bases a pleasing tirade on the majority of modern popular novels, to which, in gratitude and helplessness, he applies the same epithet, "jolly rotten." We have for years (more in anger than in sorrow) delivered ourselves of the same opinion, and every week we, perforce, supply new evidence in support of the charge. The same conversation furnished these further remarks, introduced as follows: "One gentleman, who was standing with an air of large-hearted proprietorship before the fire, took upon himself the somewhat difficult duty of settling the relation of the general public to fiction, and we are bound to say he acquitted himself of it lightly enough. 'In this connection,' he said, 'there is no such thing as a general public; mankind in its relation to novels is divisible into three classes: those (and they are the largest class) who write novels and do not read them, otherwise known as authors; those who read them and do not write them, of whom it is safe to conjecture that at least half will eventually remove into the first class; and, lastly, those who neither read novels nor write them—they are the critics, whose reviews are so helpful to us in choosing a course of holiday reading.'" This is by way of being true.

THERE is likelihood of a pretty quarrel between a popular authoress and a too enterprising firm of publishers. The feud will concern itself with the question of a publisher's right to republish an author's book under various titles, in different forms, and at different prices. The facts seem to be these. Several years ago a publishing house arranged to bring out a pretty series of short novels at a very popular price. Various writers of varying degrees of eminence were commissioned to supply stories for this series. But the series did not succeed, and was stopped. This was six years ago.

THE sequel took place but a few days back, when a well-known lady novelist was surprised to find that she was credited with having written a six-shilling novel, the name of which she had never heard. Possessing her soul with patience until the novel appeared, she soon found that this "new novel by Mrs. So-and-So" was in reality a little pot-boiler which she had written in a few weeks for the series of cheap novels six years before. Meanwhile, the lady's reputation has been advanced considerably by two or three books of real merit, and she naturally assumes that the publication in six-shilling form of a story never intended as a long novel is calculated to damage her reputation with her readers. Moreover, she some time ago entered into an agreement with another publisher, practically handing over to him every book she might write. Naturally, this publisher thinks he has a distinct grievance, seeing that he is about to publish a long novel that the lady has been engaged in writing for nearly a year. It is worth noting that this pseudo-six-shilling novel, even in its present form, bears two titles—one on the cover and one inside. Apparently it was found at the last moment that the inside title had been used before, and so the publisher simply contented himself with putting a new name on the cover. All this, of course, is very slovenly, and must be very galling to the lady whose name is attached to the work. But this is not all. This firm of publishers, evidently determined to make the most of the lady's name, have just commenced the publication of the same story under a *third* title, but with the author's name still attached, as a serial in a London daily paper!

THE *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* is the receptacle for the more literary and thoughtful compositions of members of

the Society of Friends. Frequently its contents are deserving of wide attention; Dr. Hodgkin, Prof. Rendel Harris, and other distinguished writers being regular contributors. The issue before us is less literary than usual; but it contains at least one entertaining article in Mr. T. P. Newman's account of the reception by the King of the deputation who presented the Society's Address on his accession. The spectacle of fifty-three Quakers advancing through lines of Guards, Beefeaters, and courtiers had a humorous element which was not lost on the chronicler of the scene. There was some trepidation when the reader of the address neared the first "thy." "Thy accession to these realms"! But Mr. Newman had his eye on the King, and he reports that "the closest observation could not detect any smile, or sign of a twinkling eye." After that the *thy's*, *thee's*, and *thou's* went very smoothly, yet carrying a certain force and sweetness that one cannot fail to appreciate. "Thy grave and responsible duties" was solemn-sounding; "thy exalted position" and "thy consolation" were equally direct in appeal. We do not think that any Quaker principle was really involved in this quaint vocabulary; rather it was a modest pomp—the equivalent of knee-breeches and stars.

ONE touch in the above scene is new to us. The King's reply, which he read from a large sheet of black-edged paper, was type-written.

Lists of best books have been superseded in Providence, Rhode Island, by a room wholly devoted to them in the public library of that city. It is called the "Room for the Literature of Power." The object of the collection is to bring together the world's greatest classics, "so that the reader may be tempted to come here in order to know, undistracted by other books, 'the best that has been said and thought in the world,' as Matthew Arnold expressed it." How American! We fear the scheme makes for emptiness and illusion. All the literature of power that any man can absorb, to the increase of his own power, will stand comfortably on a short shelf by his fireside. This playing with masterpieces is rather wearisome. However, the list of authors whose works are included may be endured, and we give it below:

Addison	Dryden	Milton
Æschylus	Dumas	Molière
Æsop	Eliot (George)	Montaigne
A Kempis	Emerson	More
Antoninus (Marcus Aurelius)	Epictetus	Nibelungenlied, The
Arabian Nights	Erasmus	Omar Khayyám
Ariosto	Euripides	Ovid
Aristophanes	Federalist, The	Petrarch
Aristotle	Fielding	Plato
Arnold (Matthew)	Franklin	Plutarch
Bacon	Froissart	Polo (Marco)
Bible, The	Gibbon	Pope
Boswell	Goethe	Racine
Browning (Mrs.)	Goldsmith	Ramayana, The
Browning (Robert)	Gray	Sappho
Bunyan	Hawthorne	Schiller
Burke	Heine	Scott
Burns	Herodotus	Shakespeare
Byron	Homer	Shelley
Cæsar	Horace	Sidney
Calderon	Hugo	Sophocles
Camcens	Johnson	Spectator, The
Carlyle	Jonson	Spenser
Cervantes	Junius	Swift
Chanson de Roland	Keats	Tacitus
Chaucer	La Fontaine	Tasso
Cicero	Lamb	Tennyson
Coleridge	Lander	Thackeray
Corneille	Le Sage	Theocritus
Dante	Lessing	Thucydides
Defoe	Lowell	Virgil
Demosthenes	Macaulay	Walton
De Quincey	Machiavelli	Wordsworth
Dickens	Mahabharata, The	Xenophon
	Malory	

IN the foregoing list Omar Khayyám is, of course, included, and it cannot be denied that he has exercised power of a sort over the present generation of eager culture-seeking readers. A writer in the *Dial* seeks to define this power, and his remarks are suggestive. He points out that generations of acquiescence and generations of revolt alternate in this word—which is one of those large statements that one lets pass. This is an age of revolt, hence the vogue of FitzGerald's Omar:

Mere literary beauty does not explain it. Literary beauty never did explain any widespread popularity. Gray was half right when he said that the "Elegy" would have been just as popular if written in prose. But the Persian poem has matter in it. It is an expression of revolt. Not of violent revolt like that of Byron's, but deep and hopeless. It is the doctrine of God damn. The ship of the world is sinking, so let's get at the liquor room! It has seized upon and temporarily satisfied the needs of thinking minds. I do not wish to say that literary expression always follows or precedes a general mood of thought. That is Taine's rather cast-iron theory. No! Solitary voices for good or evil are always crying aloud in the world. But the measure of their acceptance is the mark of the tides of thought. The supreme artists, indeed, sum up both sides, and usually find some way of reconciliation.

THE *May Cornhill* is an especially good number. Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes a character-sketch of the late Mr. George Smith, and it is pleasant, heartening reading. "He made me aware that he trusted me implicitly, that I could trust him equally. . . . For many years I was constantly at Waterloo-place, seeing Smith and our common friend, James Payn. I had had the good luck to serve as the link to bring them together; and they cordially appreciated each other. From those meetings I rarely came away without a charming—though often scandalously irrelevant—talk with one or other, and to me, as to Payn, Smith was always the gallant comrade, certain to take a bright view and to set one on better terms with oneself. I never had a word from him which left a sting; and many a fit of gloom has been dispelled by his hearty sympathy. He was a friend to be relied upon in any trouble."

IN the same magazine, Mr. Sidney Lee has a paper on "Shakespeare on Patriotism," in which he says: "His strongest appeals to his fellow-countrymen are:

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you;

let us swear

That you are worth your breeding.

That the kernel of sound patriotism is the respect due to a nation's traditional repute, to the attested worth of the race, is the large lesson that Shakespeare taught continuously throughout his career as a dramatist."

A NEW American novel called *Granstark* is being preliminarily puffed in England in the following publisher's note:

This was the book which nearly caused the shedding of blood by two of our compositors. The composition of the first part of the story was undertaken by one workman, but, in order to hurry the book, the last half was assigned to another. This division of labour, generally considered so desirable, aroused the anger of the first compositor, who was so much interested in the story that he preferred to work overtime and finish the book himself. But he reckoned without the second compositor, who had begun to set up the last half and was so deep in the romance that he refused to give it up. The matter resulted in a personal altercation, which, fortunately, did not end fatally.

The idea of assigning half a novel to one compositor and half to another was necessary to the puff, but books are not printed in that way.



THE Committee of the Irish Literary Society, London, through the generosity of Sir Thomas Lipton, K.C.V.O., offer for competition two prizes, one for £50 for the best essay (written in English) on the "Early Institutions of Ireland," and the other for £50 for the best essay (written in Irish) on "Brian Boru." This competition is open to all the world. In the same Society's competition for 1900, prizes of 50 guineas and 20 guineas were offered for the best essays upon the "Sieges of Derry and Limerick." The judges were Mr. Lecky and Mr. Justice Mathew, who awarded the first prize to Mr. Henry Mangan, of Dublin, and the second prize to Mr. Hugh Law, of co. Donegal.

"D. P." writes: "Surely nobody reading the *Forum*, or any American paper, should have any difficulty about billions. It ought to be sufficiently well known that the English value attached to the word is not the French, nor yet the American. All considerable dictionaries give two definitions: thus Dr. Murray's *New English Dictionary* defines billion: '(1) In Great Britain, a million millions; (2) in U.S. (as in France), a thousand millions.' Similarly the *Century Dictionary*, and most standard works of reference give somewhere the same information. Both the *New English* and the *Century* give also a succinct account of the way the value came to be changed in France, when the word came to England at the end of the seventeenth century. In vernacular French *milliard* has superseded *billion*: but the significance is always the same for both—a thousand millions." We are obliged to our correspondent.

ENTER Mr. Frank Harris's *The Candid Friend*—the new sixpenny weekly. It looks amiable enough, and it is not even eccentric. Apparently it is already acting on Mr. Austin Dobson's "Kindly Admonition," printed in the first number:

Most "candid friends" I know exalt  
Their faculty for finding fault;  
I trust the one you have in view  
Will not neglect the beauties too!

## Bibliographical.

IN his latest *Notes from a Diary*, Sir M. E. Grant Duff tells how Dean Boyle, of Salisbury, arriving late for breakfast, remarked that he had been "travelling like Lady Holland." "How was that?" he was asked. "Well," he replied, "she drove so slowly that it used to be said the very hearses passed her, cheering as they went." Planché, in his *Recollections*, tells rather differently the story of which the Dean was thinking. He says that, on one occasion, Lady Holland took Luttrell for a drive, and, because the road was rough, insisted on being driven at a slow pace. "This ordeal lasted some hours, and, when he was at last released, poor Luttrell, perfectly exasperated, rushed into the nearest club-house, and exclaimed, clenching his teeth and hands, 'The very funerals passed us!'" This, I venture to think, is the better version. Later on in his first volume Sir M. Grant Duff records: "Lecky told me that when the question was discussed whether Campbell should be commemorated by a statue or a bust, Rogers remarked, in allusion to his inveterate habit of drinking: 'I prefer a statue, for I have not seen my good old friend on his legs this many a day.'" This anecdote was differently, and, I think, better told by Barry Cornwall (Procter), who writes: "I never heard Rogers volunteer an opinion about Campbell, except after his death, when he had been to see the poet's statue. 'It is the first time,' said he, 'that I have seen him stand straight for many years.'"

Sir M. Grant Duff, by the way, speaks of Sir Frederick Burton showing him, in February, 1889, "a copy of the privately printed poems of George Darley, which he was just presenting to the Athenæum." Is the reference here

to the "memorial volume for private circulation" edited by M. and R. Livingstone (cousins of the poet), and discussed in the *Saturday Review* of August, 1891? In 1892 came Mr. J. H. Ingram's reprint of Darley's *Sylvia*, with a useful prefatory memoir. Five years afterwards we had a reprint of Darley's *Nepenthe*, with an introduction by Mr. R. A. Streatfield. But cannot we have something more than this? Having the *Sylvia* and the *Nepenthe*, one would like to have a complete collection of Darley's lyrics. They would not appeal to the many, but they might be subscribed for by the few.

Another edition of the novels of Harrison Ainsworth! When it arrives, it will be a notable tribute to the abiding popularity of an author who has never been accepted by the literati. No one writes essays or articles on the works of Ainsworth; yet they must still find many readers. Five of them were reprinted so recently as 1899—*The Fitch of Bacon*, *Guy Fawkes*, *Jack Sheppard*, *Stanley Brereton*, and *The Star Chamber*. The previous year had seen reprints of *Auriol*, *Boscobel*, *Crichton*, *The Miser's Daughter*, *Ovingdean Grange*, *St. James's*, *The Tower of London*, and *Windoor Castle*. Messrs. Routledge, I believe, have hitherto published the "author's copyright edition," though, in the past decade, certain of Ainsworth's tales were issued by Mr. Dicks, Mr. R. E. King, Messrs. Walter Scott, and Messrs. Warne. At least a dozen have reached the "sixpenny" stage, a few the "threepenny." At one time the vogue of Ainsworth was considerable, and most of his romances were seized upon by the theatrical adapters as soon as they appeared. He had a happy knack of working up historic episodes and of making use of historic names.

We take for granted that Mr. H. S. Salt's new anthology—*Kith and Kin: Poems of Animal Life*—will have a humanitarian tendency. Mr. Salt, it will be remembered, has written a little book on *Animal Rights and Social Progress*. He is also the compiler of the *Songs of Freedom* published in the "Canterbury" series. His interest in literature has been shown by his *Literary Sketches* (1888), his *Shelley Primer* (1888), his monographs on Thoreau (1890), Shelley (1892), Richard Jeffries (1893), and Tennyson as a Thinker (1893). Talking of animals in connexion with poetry, I understand we are likely to see soon the publication of a collection of pieces written by poets in praise of their dogs, cats, horses, "dear gazelles," and so forth. *The Pets of the Poets* is the present title of the collection; but, unfortunately, poets have had other "pets" than dumb animals, and the title may be changed.

Canon Benham, who, it seems, is about to join the noble army of autobiographers, has written much on religious and ecclesiastical subjects, but has touched literature, so to speak, only at two points—namely, in the editing bestowed by him on Cowper and our English ballads. The ballad-book came out in 1863; Cowper's Poems in 1870; Cowper's Letters in 1884. In 1883 Canon Benham issued a cheap annotated edition of some of Cowper's verse. Merely to have done so much for the author of *The Task* is to have done something.

Those who are looking forward to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's appearance in an English version of Echegaray's *Mariana* may be glad to be reminded that a translation of that play forms one of the volumes of Mr. Unwin's "Cameo Library," to which Mr. J. Graham also contributed a version of the same writer's *Son of Don Juan*. Two other plays by Echegaray—*The Great Galeoto* and *Folly or Saintliness*—were Englished by Miss Hannah Lynch, and published in that form in 1895.

The Mr. Wilfrid Draycott who contributes some verses to the latest number of the *Thrush* is, I take for granted, the Mr. Wilfrid Draycott who is now acting in "The Night of the Party" at the Avenue Theatre. Another bard of the playhouse is Mr. R. G. Legge, business manager at the Globe Theatre, who has just brought out a book of *Vagrom Verse and Ragged Rhyme*.  
THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## Alcibiades-St. John.

*Bolingbroke and his Times.* By Walter Sichel. (Nisbet. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS first volume of Bolingbroke's life brings his career down to his flight from impeachment, after the death of Queen Anne. We look with expectation to the second and final volume, for Mr. Sichel has wrought a very interesting and valuable book. It supplements on several points the existing accounts of Bolingbroke; it successfully corrects the prevalent and prejudiced view of his career and personality. Mr. Sichel, we think, clearly establishes that, however jealousy may have sown the seeds of disruption between Harley and St. John, St. John's supplanting of Oxford was compelled by the necessity of fortifying the Tory position before Anne's death, the strong measures needful for which purpose Oxford's envy or weakness, or both, refused to support—nay, obstructed. He shows also the lack of evidence that St. John was working for the Pretender. On the literary side he promises to show Bolingbroke's influence over writers so diverse as Gibbon, Burke, and Voltaire. We have against him that he is too minute in subsidiary matters, dislocating the narrative for episodic details which should have been otherwise or elsewhere introduced, and precluding the central figure with an account of his associates and antagonists too scrupulously ramified. This makes for tedium and confusion. His own style is evidently founded on Bolingbroke's, but at its careful and conscious best has more suggestion of Macaulay's; while, off his guard, he becomes downright undistinguished, and at times stumbles into the most flagrant clumsinesses of distorted grammar. Once he even uses "like" instead of "as." These things offend us, because Mr. Sichel really aims at style, and, in a measure, attains it. He has added interest to a seducing character, and one can pardon him some over-zeal for his hero.

Any biographer might well be forgiven for a considerable touch of the *lues Boswelliana* in the case of Bolingbroke. The man is a fascinating, a dazzling figure; and, needing no extraneous charm, it has yet been given him by the *Journal to Stella* of that other great, arresting figure, Swift. Carlyle called him Pericles-Bolingbroke. He might better, in many respects, have called him Alcibiades-Bolingbroke, for the swift changes of his meteoric career have more resemblance to those of the young Athenian who was the curled darling of Athens. In him the most startling contrasts were at graceful amity, social vices lay down with civic virtues, and his worst deeds were half-forgiven for his manner of doing them. Born of Presbyterian family, descended from Noll's Chief Justice, he became a Tory, and being a Deist upheld the Church; brought up by a strict grandfather, he elected to imitate a profligate father, and flung his ardent youth into all the excesses of the young nobility. The man was compact of antitheses: it were too cheap a task to string them like beads. You have a portrait of him as the frontispiece of this volume, but it gives small idea of the youthful St. John; it is rather the maturer Bolingbroke. The chin is inclining to doubleness, the lines are forming round the mouth. Only in a certain fulness of the underlip do you get a hint of the combativeness in the man, confirmed by the power of the long nose. In the fine forehead and the chin, small and delicately-moulded despite its doubleness, you see the intellectual fastidiousness of the man. But it is not the Harry St. John who before thirty was Secretary for War, and beginning to dazzle and scandalise London—if London were capable of being scandalised, which one may doubt. He went out with his patron Harley, to return with Harley when Anne shook off Marlborough and Marlborough's Duchess, to

gather her Tories about her, and the general election swamped the Whigs. Then suddenly he rose to an exaltation that might have giddied Cato—and St. John was no Cato. Just past thirty, he was Secretary of State; young, wealthy, aristocratic, a wit, a man of letters, a most fascinating companion, flattered by men and more dangerously flattered by women, the idol, not of fools, but of men of genius, and politically the second greatest man in England. He was proud of his order, by nature bold, dominant, and impetuous, disposed to sweep aside opposition, and no sufferer of fools, a scorner of mediocrity, and full of the zest of life. Even Swift, himself proud and impatient of mediocrity, flattered and was enchanted by the marvellous young politician. What wonder if St. John lost his head? He did lose it, in his personal life, though not in politics. There he was ever clear and sagacious. But he quaffed life in both hands, passing with feverish rapidity and abruptness from wassail and women to the severest drudgery of affairs; never neglecting work for pleasure, but as little omitting pleasure for work.

That is the period on which one loves to pause. Round this brilliant torch speedily fluttered all the brightest moths of Tory literature—for literature was partisan in those days. And many of the politicians who mixed with them bore names as splendid in memory. They were united in the famous Brothers Club, the creation of Bolingbroke, which met sometimes at taverns, sometimes at the house of one of the aristocratic members. Did you drop in one evening when the Club held its sitting at the house of Mr. Secretary St. John you might find on entering a man with the brightest and keenest blue eyes reading a paper of verses. He reads them so little to the satisfaction of Mr. Secretary, whose composition they are, that St. John presently snatches them away, vowing he will read them himself. The man is Jonathan Swift—not yet Dean. You might know him by the keen wit which is caught and darted back by one of the company after another. A guest remarks that about the quarters of the Queen's maids of honour there are always many crows. "That," says St. John, "is because they smell carrion." The talk drifts to the maids of honour, and someone mentions Jenny Kingdom, who has grown old and single in the Queen's service. "Duke" Disney's broad red face beams across the table. He suggests the Queen should give her a *brevet* to act as a married woman. That lanky, nutcracker-faced man with the dreamy eyes now begins to be riotously merry, under the influence of Mr. St. John's good Burgundy, and keeps the table in laughter by good-humoured banter of Mr. Treasurer Harley, who responds with somewhat indifferent puns. You ask in a whisper who it is. It is Mat Prior, the poet. And that skeleton of a man whose high-spirited wit you have noticed is my Lord Peterborough, the famous captain and quixotic nobleman who took Monjuich. The company gradually break up towards the small hours of the morning, but St. John presses Swift to stay and finish out another bottle. He will not; but someone is found to keep the Secretary company; and morning finds that sleepless young nobleman, with a wet napkin tied round his head—like Sidney Carton—plunging into a hard day's work, which (by way of compensation) he will probably pursue till three o'clock the next morning. Ah, what heads, and what constitutions, these ancestors of ours! And it was our heads and our constitutions with which they were playing skittles!

St. John's "laborious days" were further relieved by such "delights" as Greenwich orgies, where he boasted his power and profligacy over his cups, and Bell Chuck—"a blackguard girl"—and many Bell Chucks. An Alcibiades-St. John. Yet his energy of work, withal, astounded Swift. How he failed, and fell from the height of power; how in his death-struggle with the Whigs he was "beaten on the post" by the premature decease of

the Queen, and fled from impeachment to embrace the Pretender's service; how he returned to put heart into a disunited Opposition, and endeavour to educate his party as Disraeli afterwards did; how in this, too, he failed, and so passed away; these things belong to politics, and we can only now touch on his literary side. The old literary circle was scattered; but with Swift he still corresponded, Arbuthnot was yet his friend, and Pope now came within his spell. Bolingbroke inspired the philosophy of Pope's *Essay on Man*—some think without the poet discerning whither that philosophy led. Nor was he merely the associate and inspirer of writers; he was himself a writer. His orations we have not; but, in his own words, he drew the house after him "as hounds follow the huntsman." His writings we have, and they give him a great place in English prose. The best of them date from his return, when his judgment had matured. The style corresponds with his character, at once fastidious, daring, and loving to impose himself on the world. It handles the flowing periodic sentence of the age with consummate ease, copiousness, and sonority, yet without laxity; it intersperses shorter sentences; rising and falling with the matter in the easiest manner; and it leans strongly upon antithetical balance. In its well-knit balance it no doubt has a suggestion of Gibbon; in its marked antithesis it naturally recalls Macaulay. But it has none of Gibbon's stiffness; it is a more flexuous, agile thing; and the antithesis is managed with more grace than Macaulay's, whose curt sentences give to it a bristling, aggressive character, somewhat masked by the artful flow of Bolingbroke. Here is a specimen from his *Dissertation on Parties*:

The trade of Parliament and the trade of funds have grown universal. Men who stood forward in the world have attended to little else. The frequency of Parliaments, that increased their importance, and should have increased the respect for them, has taken off from their dignity; and the spirit that prevailed, whilst the service in them was duty, has been debased since it became a trade. Few know, and scarce any respect the British Constitution; that of the Church has been long since derided; that of the State as long neglected; and both have been left at the mercy of the men in power, whoever these men were. Thus the Church, or at least the hierarchy, however sacred in its origin or wise in its institution, is become an useless burden to the State; and the State is become, under ancient and known forms, a new and indefinable monster, composed of a king without monarchical splendour, a senate of nobles without aristocratical independency, and a senate of commons without democratical freedom.

Space forbids, or we would quote one of his fine sentences half a page long, which mock the impotent limpness of the modern involved sentence. Bolingbroke does not always escape the dangers of his style. He now and again see-saws superfluously through mere trick of habit. But it is a finished and powerful style which has not received its due. The matter—agree with his views or not—shows penetrative originality of political thought. Whatever he was in his life, he was consistent in his writings. There this brilliant personality has still vital influence, for those who will "observingly distil it out."

### The Illustrious Obscure.

*Rider's British Merlin: For the Year of Our Lord God, 1770: Adorn'd with Many Delightful and Useful Verities fitting all Capacities in the Islands of Great Britain's Monarchy.* Compiled for his Country's Benefit by Cardanus Rider. (Woodfall. Stitch'd, Ninepence.)

*Benenden Letters, London, Country and Abroad, 1753-1821.* Edited by Charles Frederic Hardy. (Dent. 15s.)

THE first of these books is a "dumpy twelve," picked up on a London bookstall, some years ago, for twopence. The

Johnsonian date suggested its possible interest and usefulness, and a friendly air of supplying useless information was not in its disfavour. The little volume is, indeed, a remarkable compress of the life of that day. In substance it is a list of the names of responsible people, from the Prime Minister to the "Necessary-woman" in the Office of the Commissioners of Trades and Plantations; from the Admiral of the Blue to His Majesty's Cistern-cleaner; and from the Lord Steward to the odd man at the Sixpenny Office. Thousands on thousands of little names in little type bring home to one what is meant by the great majority. For all these men were living, and now are dead. Each had his business and desires, and you cannot dot the page with your eyes shut without finding the name of one who would have been angry had you trodden on his toe. All dead and gone. Gone the Lord Chamberlain and the Groom of the Buttery, gone the Directors of the Million Bank and the Paymaster of the troops at Minorca. There is a fascination in these symbols of once living and anxious men. One might be content to con them over for a day, and evoke the looks and character of Lieut. John Popkins, R.N., of Mr. Benjamin Orton, Clerk of the Dockets in the Common Pleas, or of Mr. Edward Dyne, surgeon of Chatham Yard, who received £120 a year "*besides his Twopences.*"

Now the odd thing is that the second title that heads this article is borne by a book, published in 1901, which is a late and intimate record of a man whose name is buried in this very eighteenth century "Whitaker," a man a thousand-fold forgotten, whose very grave is probably lost, whose existence—but for this contradiction—was the concern of no born man. Enter Mr. Richard Waites Cox, Secretary to the Commissioners for Sick and Hurt Seamen, and for taking care of Prisoners of War—Tower-hill, London.

Traces of the old Navy Office may be seen on Tower Hill: its gateway forms the entrance to the warehouses of the London and India Docks Joint committee; and to this day two lions guard a pair of shields on which the White Ensign is displayed. The Sick and Hurt office itself has disappeared, along with the old Victualling Office and the Sixpenny Office, or "office of the Receiver of Sixpence a month contributed by every seaman to Greenwich Hospital." Gone, too, in all but name, is the "Old George," the tavern where, in all probability, Mr. Cox sipped his occasional glass of port and filled his pipe. In the calendars for 1754 Mr. Cox figures as senior clerk to the Sick and Hurt, with a salary of £100 a year. Later he became secretary at £200 a year. He had a friend named William Ward who lived at Benenden, in Kent, in a hop county. These two were close correspondents; and the book before us consists in the main of Cox's letters. From these, and from Mr. Hardy's admirable notes, we learn all that can be learned about the two men and the worlds they lived in. It is curious how interested one becomes in the philosophic Cox writing long letters to his country friend on official foolscap; and in the feverish, money-making, marrying Ward, whose portrait emerges from these same letters. But we cannot hope in the limits of a short review to convey that interest. This is eminently a book which demands sympathy in the reader, who must bring to it a made-up curiosity about the lives and feelings of two eighteenth century men of the crowd. Thus only can Cox's office anxieties, Ward's investments in the South Sea office, Cox's sapient remarks on the play, and Ward's wooing of Miss Martha Plummer, amuse him. But such close reading is rewarded. Indeed, one comes to like Cox very much. To his friend he ceaselessly offers the tranquillising counsels of Horace, begging him to think less of money and more of his diet and home pleasures. Yet his own troubles seem to have been quite equal to Ward's. Ward was a married man; but Cox had formed an irregular attachment, and had several natural children whose welfare was dear to him. A cheerful, shrewd, industrious man, he lived with



art, and had time and counsel to spare for his more prosperous but less contented friend. All this we pass by, and we proceed to recommend the book by the selection of a few of the plums which enrich these strangely out-of-the-way letters. Here is Mr. Cox's reference to the coronation of George III.:

There were no Fireworks here the day of the Coronation, or I should with great pleasure have given your Friends a sight. I saw the Coronation, which was really immense.

Note this early use of "immense" in the slang sense of splendid. Of the Queen he writes:

Her Majesty is a little woman—very young—very pale—of an obliging countenance—somehow desirous of being agreeable to the People by an attention as she walked along to let herself be seen. Her face is not a thin one—her nose, though not flat, not far from it—her lips rather large—in short, a good sort of a Girl, who, if she had not been a Queen, would have been very well liked and her person been little thought of.

Observed, is it not? Mr. Cox was a great play-goer, and his observations on Foote, Garrick, Ned Shuter, and other actors, are interesting as those of a very intelligent eighteenth-century pit-ite. Sometimes he ventures on long criticisms, as when he describes and shrewdly discusses Garrick's acting of the dagger scene in "Macbeth," finding fault with his minute pursuit of the dagger across the stage, and his pretence of seeing it pass under the door of Duncan's chamber. Cox was a devoted follower of Garrick, but was not at the actor's great farewell performances. He asks Ward whether he has read Garrick's pathetic address, and if not, he will send it. He adds: "He certainly had no competitor in our time. I could point out several passages in several plays where he always stood alone." Shortly after this, Spranger Barry, a very popular actor, died, and Cox compares him with Garrick: "Barry had advantages which ever captivate the million, but Garrick stepped further. He could captivate the million, and at the same time give the most exquisite delight to the most sensible spectator by strokes which were caviar to the multitude." When Garrick died, Cox immediately unpacked his heart to friend Ward, and Mr. Hardy informs us that he wrote "in a very deliberate style of hand-writing as if to accord in monumental character with the event which is the subject of it." In short, the letter gives us the impression made by Garrick's death on the mind of a man who had never spoken to him, on the mind of a playgoer.

Light lay his turf! Never shall I see his equal. Thanks to Providence, I was born at a time and under circumstances which permitted me to have so large a share of him. I would not part with what I enjoy from him while memory holds his seat in—you know the rest—I say I would not part with it to be the master of more acres than would permit me to keep a one-horse chaise, which is the limit of my ambition.

Six months later he alights on Dr. Johnson's famous tribute, and delights to quote it to his friend: "But what are the hopes of man? I am disappointed by the stroke of Death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasures." Assuredly he adds a tribute as sincere when he says: "I have lately been three times to the play, but never went into either house without thinking of Mr. Garrick and regretting the irretrievable loss."

Cox was a considerable bookman, allowing for the opportunities of his station. It is pleasant to find him quoting *Joseph Andrews* as one of its early readers. In 1775 he writes, at the end of a brisk letter to Ward:

Adieu! kiss your wife, lay on an additional billet, drink a cheerful cup—that is not in order tho'—the billet and cup should be first; but, as Parson Adams says, I have not time to divide properly—when he is preaching to Joseph he says so. By-the-bye, Dr. Maxwell knew the man whom your old friend Fielding meant by Adams.

He was a chaplain of a regiment, and once very com-  
posedly walked, smoking his pipe, into the French camp  
instead of the English.

Needless to say, the Seven Years' War, the War of Independence, the fall of Lord North's ministry, and a hundred minor public events, from the hanging of Dr. Dodd to a visitation of influenza, and from Wilkes's riot in St. George's Fields to the Adelphi Lottery, come into Cox's chit-chat. In one letter of uncertain date—but probably written during North's ministry—this honest Government servant takes a despondent view of the state of England. He says: "'Tis much to be lamented that as State or People increase in knowledge they fall from virtue. . . . And when any Kingdom is got to the pitch to which we are arrived, parsons may declaim in their pulpits, and reformers in speculation may publish their well digested schemes or their crudities—'tis all one: nothing will do. As fell the Greeks, as fell the Romans, so shall we fall. . . . However, let you and I, my dear Sir, compose ourselves and be as tranquil as our own more immediate concerns will permit. . . . Enjoy yourself in tranquillity, knowing that more will not be expected by the Omnipotent than his situation will admit."

Since then England has often inspired such reflections in quiet breasts, but she is still strong, and sound at the core; and that she is so is surely due to the honesty and fortitude of generations of her average citizens—humble and lowly men of heart—like Richard Waites Cox of the Sick and Hurt Office.

### The Ethics of the Railway.

*The History of the Midland Railway.* By Clement E. Stretton. (Methuen. 12s. 6d.)

MR. STRETTON'S book communicates a brimming knowledge in a clear, though not impeccable, English. The story of the Midland Railway is a story of continual growth by construction and absorption. It was in 1844 that its proprietors called themselves the Midland Company, and since that date it has absorbed thirty-two other undertakings. In addition to its own properties, it has part-ownership in nineteen railways. Its locomotive superintendent has control of over 3,000 locomotives, all in "effective working order." It employs 30,000 miles of telegraph wire. Its annual bill for rates and taxes, exclusive of income-tax, is not less than £345,000, and its mineral traffic alone yields "practically £3,000,000 per annum." Strife it has had, particularly with the Great Northern Railway. At one period (1870) we find both companies "carrying coal to London absolutely at a loss." Such are the paradoxes of rate-wars. There was no paradox involved, however, when on April 1, 1872, the Midland carried third-class passengers on all their trains, and when on January 1, 1875, they abolished the second-class, while reducing first-class fares. For it was the third-class passenger to whom most of their prosperity was due, and he had been ill-treated long enough. Mr. Stretton is silent about the treatment of employees on the Midland. If there is better to be said for it than in the cases of some other companies, one would be glad to hear it. Where £100 stock stands at £180 one is loth to congratulate the signalman, the porter and the platelayer without a knowledge of their day. "Five per cent. to be taken off the wages of those receiving less than £110 a year" was an ingredient of a recipe proposed by a shareholders' committee of 1841 for bringing up the dividends. The recovered blind man saw men as trees; the railway capitalist, as a rule, sees them as sticks. Let us hope that the "Midland" capitalist sees otherwise.

But the permanent dark side of railways, and the side which affects the public, is other than that which the labourer sees. Even capitalists die and their successors,



though rich, may be kind just as they may be honest though "far-seeing." If the man live with a nerve to ache for posterity, there is that in railways to affront his eye like a visible pain. It is a word written upon them plainlier than upon the salt sea itself—sterility. Thousands of miles of the breadth of a dozen men, thousands of miles of good earth stolen from Ceres, that is the chief indictment against railways. Peccant railway geniuses like George Hudson, who served three railway masters, vanish into mist—they and their juggleries and shareholders' indignation thereat; an Ellis or a Paget can restore the reputation of their chairs. This evil is inherent in the thing and not in the manipulator. It is to be remembered that hundreds of miles of railway came into existence not for the good of a perishing public, but simply because railway companies must fight one another like other carnivorous creatures, and because a way of fighting among such is to divert their rival's traffic on to an alternative route. Some may hold the terrifying expansion of the suburbs as another evil due to railways. Thus are towns coupled to towns. The squalid capital of Middlesex and its lovely neighbour Richmond are now practically part of London's suburbia. Dreadfully has the ungenerous builder accomplished his task and his mendacious "three minutes to the station"—his siren-call to the clerk and shopman—shows the responsibility which the railways incur in him.

There is also good to be said for railways. Remembrance of a nursery, in a suburb neighboured by Hooligans, steals over us as we write. The divine indecorum of Blake was associated with the spot, which was depressed by the presence of a soap-factory. It was a suburb that had once offered arborescent seclusions, but the "lodge" had given place to the lodging-house. Its quiet widths were threatened with trams; it was a suburb passing into growing usefulness; it was in decay and populous. There is no suburb sadder than that. Those in the nursery felt the autumn that haunted even the Aprils and the Junes of this suburb, and a return to it from the sea was almost more than one of them could bear. But the nursery was loftily perched, and looked across to the viaduct of a railway, upon which at least three companies rolled their coaches. There were white coaches, red coaches, and coaches of a muddy yellow. The nursery appropriated them; and one youngster would call out when a white train passed "There goes my train," and the trundle of a red one would evoke a similar expression of delighted ownership from another child. And so the trains caused romances streaked with quarrels in the lives of those who hardly ever rode in them. But to him who was pretended owner of the muddy yellow coaches that rolled past his ken the railway stood for a triumph over all the ugliness for which railways have sometimes been held responsible. The mean houses cowered beneath it and could not claim it. Up and down its steel nerves ran vivid thrills that in him were merely longings. It was stretched by the side of corn-fields; it lay stealthily like a furrow in the silence of hills; it rested its eyes in the gloom of tunnels; it burst out into sudden light and sense of gorse and fern; it was aware of the sea. By its gigantic length it made the metropolis less terrifying, less amazing, less suffocating. For here was something that was never so involved in London that it could be said to extricate itself therefrom; it was free by just ordainment.

The poetry of railways is not summed up in that impression of childhood. Like all things rooted in the life of men, the railway has taken a place in nature. It is only the otiose or vulgar in art that she must reject. A silver Christ on an ivory cross dwells longer in disharmony with her than steel rails on the cruel furrow carved through field and wood. You shall see in the heart of Paris (Boulevard Péreire) grass growing on the railway slope. Even our "Underground" breaks between sundry interments into authentic green. Truth to tell, except for bad

art, time and nature have a natural aspect in store for all contortions. The steadfast sheen of steel that knows the constant grip and friction of flanges is not repugnant to the harmony of grey cloud and dark soil. The almost living genius of the railway, the locomotive, has, in the process of becoming more useful, taken on more and more of the appearance of a well-made animal. Look at Stephenson's "Atlas," as pictured on Mr. Stretton's page, and cast your eye on any locomotive of to-day, if the saying seems strained. The once stiff-necked machine reports no longer of machinery; it has contours that an artist may love. The natural force which propels it seems scarcely, as once, imprisoned in it; rather does it seem the incarnation of that force, the body of the soul called steam. The smoke of a cigarette curls not more gracefully into the air than its white cloud which is too delicate to retain a form. And when night turns that cloud into a comet—veritable flaming hair of a docile dragon—who does not realise that Science has, unrepentant, wafted a new beauty on the world?

### The Happy Critic.

*Colloquies of Criticism; or, Literature and Democratic Patronage.* (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

READERS of the *Pall Mall Gazette* will not have forgotten the series of cheery articles which, some months ago, ran in its columns under this title. The anonymous author speaks of them as representing reflections which from time to time suggested themselves to one who has regarded literature from a reader's point of view rather than a writer's; but they form a very homogeneous essay covering a wide field from a consistent point of view; and, unlike the majority of recovered matter, are more effective when brought together in this little volume of scarlet and gold than they appeared when distributed through the successive numbers of a daily paper.

The criticism is shaped as dialogue, and for its own sake the dialogue is worth reading. One complaint we must be allowed to utter: why, in the name of all that is unfortunate, should the author for the name of three of his principal interlocutors have chosen the surname of a well-known publisher? That it should be also the name of the gentleman fated at last to send us the collected work for review was, no doubt, an unforeseen accident; but even in the evenings when the dialogues presented themselves as the fraction of a pennyworth, this unfortunate choice perplexed us with irrelevant associations.

It is to be borne in mind, then, that Mr. Unwin, Sir George Unwin, and the charming and talented Miss Unwin have no more to do with their excellent publisher than has Sir John Richard, M.P., F.R.S., who so wisely guides their informal debates.

The inquiry starts in a railway carriage, from the novel of six-shilling commerce. For whom is it written? Who takes it seriously enough to buy it? Sir John for answer points to the miles of comfortable houses dwelt in by innumerable families of a class that has sprung into existence in the last thirty-five years. Now this society is local in its associations: the society of Taunton knows nothing of the society of Dundee; whereas Society, which takes its novels more lightly, and never, never buys them, is catholic:

What I want to tell you is this—that the sort of unity of vision, the sort of comprehensive grasp, the sort of bird's-eye view of life that people like you get by the mere act of living [it is Sir John who addresses Miss Unwin] these similar yet separate societies of fairly opulent people—some, indeed, are very opulent—get by means of literature; and by literature, this afternoon, understand that I mean novels.

Of course, this lies open to a lot of objections, which find

themselves admirably stated. How fit in the popularity of the kailyard novel? There arises the question of the point of view. That is it which specialises the public to whom the book appeals. Is, then, a novel excellent inversely to the breadth of its appeal?—for the finest points of humour prick only the few. And if so, is Dickens (who appeals to everyone) a bad novelist? And Scott? And this opens up again the question of atmosphere, to which word a modified sense is given:

As to creating an atmosphere, I doubt [quoth Sir John] if that could be done in a single book [Miss Unwin had written one]. Scott and Dickens have each accomplished the feat, not by writing any one book, but by producing an entire literature, and to appreciate any of their best novels you ought really to be acquainted with the whole.

MISS UNWIN.

Ah, Sir John, my poor hopes of immortality! What will become of them? I shall never touch a pen again. Do you think, if she scribbled every day for ten years, your helpless, unhappy god-daughter would ever produce an atmosphere?

SIR JOHN.

I am going to quote you four words in Latin: "Non omnia possumus omnes"—We can't all do everything. Miss Austen never produced an atmosphere. Thackeray never did. Shakespeare never did—not in the way Scott did. I think this reflection on the limitation of others may be refreshing to you. Remember, too, that, though Scott could do so much that was beyond Miss Austen's reach, Scott admitted that Miss Austen could do what was for ever beyond his.

We have been able barely to indicate the line of country, but we shall have fallen short of our purpose if we have not at least suggested a certain quality of felicitous gaiety. We doubt, however, whether Sir John's summing up is not over kindly to the "democratic patron":

You mean [comments Miss Unwin] that this public, in respect of the literature it patronises, is like a girl who is ambitious to be dressed as well as possible, and would wear with pride and delight the most perfect dresses producible, if only they were chosen for her by her mother, and she were given nothing else; but who, if left to her own unaided taste, goes simpering, happy and ridiculous, in cheap and tawdry fineries?

We suspect that is just the girl the public is unlike. A thousand literary mothers are day by day pointing it to the best wear, and does it wear it?

### The Hoardings at Home.

*A Book of the Poster.* By W. S. Rogers. (Greening. 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a book for everyone, nowadays; and for those who take pictorial advertisements seriously there are probably several. The latest lies before us—a weighty square volume in a very ugly cover, "illustrated with examples of the work of the principal poster artists of the world"—of whom, however, only the English are given in colour; Grasset and Steinlen, De Lautrec and Cheret, to name only these, being sufficiently honoured by half-tone blocks. The reason may be the very laudable wish to do the best possible for home products; but to the cosmopolitan connoisseur it means disappointment, and it certainly weakens this book on its pictorial side. Mr. Hassall's design for Shaw's Limerick Bacon and Hams is clever and not without charm; and his Colman's Mustard is an admirable rendering of a comic and ingenious idea; Mr. Cecil Aldin's Colman's Blue is adroit, and his Cadbury's Cocoa has a very agreeable spirit and old world flavour; but the other coloured examples given here are very ordinary and uninspired.

So much for the pictures. But when it comes to the letterpress we find that Mr. Rogers, who is himself a poster-artist, responsible for the cover of this book and for

two of the coloured plates, writes pleasantly and very practically. There is, indeed, nothing that he does not tell the collector. From these useful pages you may learn how to get posters, how to keep them, and how to repair them—everything except how to get rid of them; which, we should imagine, becomes sooner or later a burning question. To the uninitiated the collecting of posters may seem a tedious form of amusement. But not so! It is a branch of romance, involving the corruption, by stout, of theatrical employees (as Richelieu of old—by gold—corrupted ambassadors) and the tracking of bill-posters by night to mysterious hostelrys and plying them with liquor until they leave rolls of the precious lithographs behind. And Mr. Rogers tells of an enthusiast who, passing at lightning speed through Reading Station, noticed a new poster and managed just to catch the word "Orion." A letter to Messrs. W. H. Smith's bookstall (O Romance!) elicited the required information, and the collector was shortly afterwards in possession of a priceless design by Mr. Dudley Hardy advertising the sovereign merits of another Australian vintage. After this, who will not forsake postage stamps and take to the *affiche*?

The problem of storing posters, which must have puzzled many a layman, is made crystal clear by Mr. Rogers. "Many hundreds of posters, large and small," he says, "may be kept readily available for inspection in an ordinary living room, *without their presence being suspected.*" We like the assurance which we have thrown into italics. At the same time that it soothes the nerves of those sensitive creatures who shrink from coming to close quarters with even a Hassall, it lends a mysterious interest to living rooms. To think that behind that inoffensive curtain may be "The Brown Cat's Thanks"!

### Other New Books.

RUSSIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. BY F. H. E. PALMER.

This little volume belongs to the series called *Our Neighbours*, designed to familiarise Englishmen with the life of their neighbours on the Continent. It is an excellent book, manifestly the work of intimate knowledge, and in at least one respect it will come as a surprise to English readers: for it reveals a Russia unsuspected by the traveller—the country Russia. Less than twelve per cent. of the nation dwell in towns, says Mr. Palmer; not eight per cent. near enough to towns to be influenced by their life; while the remaining eighty per cent. live in regions where modern life and thought have hardly drawn nigh. Nearly every Russian has some interest in the land. Of Russian nobles 114,716 are landed proprietors. Even the classes styled "urban"—merchants and citizens or professional men—possess between them 26,460,000 and 5,400,000 acres respectively. Most Russian workmen, even in the towns, are of peasant origin; and since the law does not suffer them to sell their holdings, and protects them from deprivation by others, a very large proportion are on the land every summer of the year. Hence, both among rich and poor, arises a double life. The wealthy merchant or noble, steeped in modernity while he is in the town, passes thence to his estate and at once becomes a *boyar*, conforming facilely to the traditions of a life older than the rise of Peter the Great. But he is ashamed of this healthy and kindly patriarchal aspect of his life, and does his best to impose on the foreigner the modern Russia as the only Russia. From that view this book will do much to deliver Englishmen—to the advantage of Russia. (Newnes. 3s. 6d. net.)

SHAKESPEARE, NOT BACON. BY FRANCIS P. GERVASIS.

A title-page of the best modern sham-Elizabethan kind graces Mr. Gervais's book; while the title, of truly Elizabethan length and particularity, is a small preface



in itself, setting forth the object of the brochure. It is handsomely printed on fine paper, and adorned by a series of elaborate facsimiles from pages of the volume mentioned in the title, as well as from other documents in Shakespeare's hand, and from the last page of Bacon's *Promus*. Briefly, Mr. Gervais's argument is this: The Florio Montaigne, bearing Shakespeare's signature, has MS. notes of Latin maxims, drawn from Montaigne, with references to the pages where they occur. It also has MS. notes of Latin maxims from other authors not Montaigne. Mr. Gervais seeks to show, by comparing the writings with Shakespeare's acknowledged signature to legal documents, that the notes are by the poet himself, and to show that they are not Bacon's by a comparison with Bacon's acknowledged hand. He then demonstrates: (1) that these maxims are almost literally translated in the plays; (2) that reference to the context (indicated by Shakespeare's own reference to the pages whence the mottoes are taken) shows that the context is likewise alluded to in the plays; (3) that the maxims from Latin writers not quoted in Montaigne, being also in Shakespeare's hand, indicate his knowledge of those writers in the original, and disprove the assertion that he had no learning in, or knowledge of, Latin and Latin authors. The last contention is rather a probability than a certainty (since the poet might have met them at second-hand). But the general force of Mr. Gervais's argument is undeniable, and goes strongly to show Shakespeare wrote the plays—if you ever doubted it. For our part, Shakespeare's familiarity with Latin is sufficiently proved by the abundant Latinisms of his style—words often used in their classic, not the English, sense. A book deserving careful study. (Unicorn Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

BERMONDSEY.

BY EDWARD T. CLARKE.

"What good thing can come out of Bermondsey—except leather?" the sapient Londoner exclaims. Well, Bermondsey is a place of historic interest, if it has little modern charm. It has its patriots and eulogists, and he who goes about to mock them is himself mocked. In writing a considerable book about this south-eastern riverside, tanpit-odorous district of London, Mr. Clarke does but tread in the steps of other grave historians, who have handed on the torch of Bermondsey's fame, his being the best as it is the most modern record. Will you have Bermondsey flashed on your vision in its ancient colours?

Who that walks down Bermondsey-street could form any conception of the scenes which that ancient thoroughfare has witnessed—the passage of royal processions, the progress of mediæval Knights and Barons on their way to Parliaments that have been held in the abbey [Bermondsey's own Abbey of St. Saviour's], the sumptuous funerals of great personages? Crusaders have passed along Bermondsey-street on their way to the abbey, where they were about to hold solemn council with reference to the preparations for their journey to the Holy Land. It was down Bermondsey-street that, in the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, Sir Thomas Wyatt led his insurrectionary forces to the attack on the City.

The Earl of Sussex, whose hospitality to Queen Elizabeth is the theme of gorgeous chapters in *Kenilworth*, lived and died in Bermondsey House, facing the Bermondsey High-street. Nay, the real Robert Marmion, whose titles Scott bestowed on his fictitious hero, the Robert Marmion who was really

Lord of Fontenaye  
Of Lutterward and Scrivelbaye,  
Of Tamworth Tower and town,

was one of the patrons of the abbey. Scratch the soil of Bermondsey and romance leaps from it and blooms. Great lords, abbots, and cardinals lived in the neighbourhood, and were knolled to church by the abbey bell; and in the Scriptorium learned clerks copied missals, or wrote the records of the abbey in gold and azure.

The monks went, the tanners came. Thirteen hundred Huguenots, who had tried to settle at Rye, but were driven thence by their French oppressors, who burned the town, entered London by the Old Kent-road, and saw that Bermondsey was a land of oak-woods, streams, and pigs—a place predestined to leather. They helped to settle the industry whose smell afflicts the railway traveller unto this day.

Modern Bermondsey has been a squalid place, but its squalor is being overcome. Gone is Jacob's Island, that frightful rookery where Bill Sykes hanged himself in sight of a raging mob. The same spot figures in Kingsley's *Alton Locke*, and with no more credit. Bermondsey is now a spirited new borough, with a mayor and a town hall and a free library and a grammar school and a "Settlement" and a biscuit factory and a historian who is not dull. Bermondsey will do. (Stock. 12s. 6d. net.)

A CALENDAR OF THE INNER  
TEMPLE RECORDS. VOL. III.

EDITED BY  
F. A. Inderwick, K.C.

This volume of an important antiquarian work covers the years 1660-1714. It is a mine of curious detail, much of which is interesting to the Londoner as well as the inhabitants of the Temple. The particulars given of the fires, including the Great Fire, which devastated the Temple in the seventeenth century are very quaint. "To the watermen that toiled at the fire, £1," begins an old account of 1676. "To the men that worked at the engine of St. Dunstan's, 15<sup>s</sup>." Then the efforts of the Lord Mayor to assert jurisdiction and levy rates on the Temple led to some fine uproars. Once, while a fire was raging at the Temple, the Lord Mayor came to visit the scene, with the Sheriffs, but as he refused to lower his sword of office he was driven out. "At this he went over the way to a tavern, where, some say, he first got drunk, and then returned, dismissing the engines he met coming from the city." Dismissal indeed!

The plays given at the Temple in the Restoration period are carefully recorded and described by Mr. Inderwick. Here is one illuminating record: "ffor sweetmeats for Madame Gwin £01 : 00 : 00." Very entertaining are some of the minutes of the Benchers respecting contumacious or negligent barristers. Thus:

12 November, 1674.—Order that Fuller's chamber in Phillips' new building be once more seized and padlocked for not paying the distres to the House.

1 July, 1685.—Order that Clowes, Glendon, Peachey, senior, and Blincow, for refusing to permit the tablecloth to be taken away or to rise before the masters of the bench, contrary to the ancient custom of the house, on Sunday last at dinner, have a *recipiatur* entered upon their heads.

22 November, 1711.—Orders . . . that no laundress or other person presume to empty out of any window any chamber pot, basin, or other thing, and that every person offending against this order shall forfeit 40s., according to the ancient usage of this House . . . and this order to be screened up in the hall and put up at the pumps belonging to this society.

The volume is, in short, a valuable calendar of old matters, great and small, as seen from within the Temple. Mr. Inderwick's introduction fills almost ninety pages, and it is the work of a true antiquary and a lively writer. The enumeration of the inns and coffee-houses round and about the Temple, on pp. lxxx. and lxxxi., is but one of its useful things. (Sotheran. 20s. net.)

In his *Anthology of Latin Poetry* (Methuen) Mr. Robert Yelverton Tyrrell has proceeded on interesting lines. His collection aims at providing *characteristic* specimens of Latin Poetry, and is, therefore, not solely concerned with those which are exquisite. On the contrary, the



Roman minor poet has been permitted to exhibit his feebleness. "Even in the case of the great poets like Lucretius, Statius, and Lucan, I have thought it better to present, among the more beautiful specimens of their genius, also those which better illustrate their attitude towards their art, and their peculiar place among the poets." In the case of Horace, Mr. Tyrrell has allowed his choice to be governed by a desire to show the variety of his measures. The selections cover the long period from the Pre-Hellenic Latin Poetry to Boëthius, and a note is supplied to each poem, with aids and translations.

"The uncouth and the underbred play so vast a part in life that to neglect them is to falsify; but only the rarest genius can turn them to worthy use, exhibiting their manifold significance in the light of mirth or compassion." Thus Mr. George Gissing, in his introduction to *The Old Curiosity Shop* (2 vols.), in Messrs. Methuen's excellent "Rochester" edition of Dickens. He has been remarking on the superiority of the Marchioness to Little Nell as a well-drawn and vitalised character. To this, as to the preceding volumes, Mr. F. G. Kitton supplies topographical notes. He lightly discredits the claims of the well-known house in Portsmouth-street to be the original old curiosity shop, and explains how that legend arose. *Master Humphrey's Clock* is included in the second volume.

To their "Heroes of the Nation" series Messrs. Putnam's Sons have added *William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*, by Mr. Walford Davis Green, M.P.

Messrs. Bell & Sons' "Cathedral" series now includes *Saint David's*, by Mr. Philip A. Robson, A.R.I.B.A. St. David's is the least accessible of cathedrals, and the visitor is recommended to travel to Haverfordwest by train, sleep there, and drive on, over the sixteen miles and seventeen hills, to St. David's on the next day. Fifty photographic illustrations are given.

## Fiction.

### The Anglo-Indian Novel.

*Anna Lombard*. By Victoria Cross. (John Long. 6s.)

*Mountains of Necessity*. By Hester White. (Blackwood. 6s.)

*The Warden of the Marches*. By Sydney C. Grier. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THESE Eurasian inventions, each differing almost violently from the rest, and all three quite respectably clever, are alike marked by that feeble and facile sentimentality which seems to be a necessary ingredient in all novels of Anglo-Indian society, even in stories by the author of *William the Conqueror*. We will merely quote from the conclusions of the three books:

#### I.

She ran down towards me with feet that hardly touched the ground, then, when a few paces from me, she stopped, and with one turn of her hand brought over her shoulder the bright, shining twist of hair that had captured my senses long ago, and she paused, gazing at me expectantly. "Do I please you?" she whispered.

Her eyes were shining, her whole face was lighted from within, her body seemed expanding and dilating with the force of her nervous joy. She had in those moments a beauty beyond description. My eyes swam as I looked at her.

"Dearest Anna, you are beautiful, but it is not for these things that I love you, you know."

#### II.

Flora's sweet dark eyes were wet.

"I—I thought you didn't care—enough. I wanted you to feel free," she said brokenly, and her head drooped. "Don't you see that I had to go right away because—

because it was breaking my heart. Ah, Hugh, why wouldn't you understand?"

Smiles conquered the tears and transformed her. With a sudden characteristic gesture, shy yet passionate, she slipped her arms round his neck and raised her face to his.

#### III.

Both hands were raised, with an imploring gesture, and Mabel took them in her own, and hid her face in them.

"Because I love you, Fitz. You couldn't have the heart to send me away after that, could you? Don't try to talk; I understand."

And yet England wonders why France shows no interest in England's fiction! Still, *Anna Lombard* might have been written, as regards most of it, for the readers of a boulevard feuilleton. It is a flamboyant and thoroughly impure book. The sheer effrontery of its situations would be difficult to surpass. Matilde Seras herself has not conceived a heroine more hysterically sexual than Anna, who pleads with her English fiancé to be allowed to continue her amour with a handsome Asiatic "for a little while" after their marriage. As for the fiancé, he is unutterable. When he has seen the Asiatic, he remarks to Anna, "in a hoarse whisper, 'I understand now.'" Most people will be disgusted by this amazing and impossible nightmare of voluptuous phenomena crowned with the sentimentality of a vicarage. A few will justly consider it too absurd for so serious a feeling as disgust. Miss Cross's imaginative power and her gift of lucid and direct writing are indisputable. The book is often brilliant, but it is more often ridiculous. The best parts of it are the glowing descriptions of Indian and Burmese scenery. Miss Cross makes no attempt at a finished picture of Anglo-Indian life. She simply uses India, as recently she used the Klondyke, as the immense theatre of an immense passion. It is a pity that a writer so talented should so grossly misuse her talent.

By the side of *Anna Lombard* the amiable and sedate novel of Miss Hester White seems a pallid and miss-ish affair—as what novel would not? *Mountains of Necessity* is indeed never brilliant; but, on the other hand, it never repels. It portrays Indian society precisely as we are accustomed to find it portrayed in Anglo-Indian fiction, and there is a deep-seated conventionality about the plot which will at once put the habitual novel reader at his ease. The dying hero who insists on marrying a girl (any girl) for the sake of getting her the pension of an officer's widow; the heroine who agrees to marry in order to be in a position to set right the peccadilloes of a drunken brother: the reader well knows the flavour of all this. He well knows also that the dying hero is bound to recover, that the twain thus made foolish by death's runaway knock will avoid one another for about forty thousand words, and then coincide as per our second extract. The book is agreeable; and two scenes, the marriage and the first meeting of husband and wife in a state of good health, are rather effective. The characterisation of some of the minor people is ambitious, and shows that pains have been taken.

*The Warden of the Marches* is a long, elaborate, melodramatic, pretty, and unexceptionable novel, exactly similar in ideas and in spirit, though not, of course, in *venue*, to all the author's previous novels. Miss Grier has an assured "touch," a miraculous recipe for concocting plots, which are the same and yet not the same, and a really clever knack of spreading out affairs of State as a background for affairs of the heart. Her interests are far from narrow (she is the antithesis of Jane Austen in that respect), and she can handle a political situation with skill. She is afraid of nothing international or inter-racial. Her books are usually somewhat dull and laggard, as this one is, but they can be read with satisfaction. What they lack is merely imagination and distinction. As regards India and certain frontier questions, *The Warden of the Marches* is decidedly informative.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

## THE WHITE COTTAGE.

BY "ZACK."

Miss Gwendoline Keats's third book. Like the others it deals, directly and with vivid characterisation, with the elemental passions. The people of the story are fisher-folk and villagers, and they talk mostly in a dialect that the Cockney can easily understand. Love and jealousy are the chief themes. The hero is the kind of man that "Zack" analysed so well in *On Trial*—the attractive but ineffectual man, who lets "I dare not" wait upon "I would." (Constable. 6s.)

## JACK RAYMOND.

BY E. L. VOYNICH.

By the author of *The Gadfly*. In this powerful novel Mrs. Voynich handles delicate, not to say unpleasant, subjects fearlessly. It is the story of Jack Raymond, an orphan, living under the guardianship of his uncle, the incumbent of a little parish on the Cornish coast; and a more repellant vicar we have seldom encountered in fiction. *Jack Raymond* is not a book for those who regard novel-reading as nothing more than an agreeable pastime. (Heinemann. 6s.)

## UNDERSTUDIES.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Twelve short sketches or allegories, pretty and delicately written around an animal or a flower, under such titles as "The Cat," "The Squirrel," "Mountain Lamb," "Morning Glory." Miss Wilkins lessens the distance between Man and his Pets. Here is the end of "The Cat": "He held his empty pipe in his mouth, his rough forehead knitted, and he and the Cat looked at each other across that unpassable barrier of silence which has been set between man and beast from the creation of the world." (Harper. 6s.)

## NEW YORK.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

"It was one of those lovely April nights that sometimes bend over New York. . . . A young man paused at the gateway of Abingdon-square Park. . . . Just then a policeman, burly in his official buttons, with an auburn cataract of moustache, came sauntering up. . . . 'You've changed some,' said the officer, 'but I knowed ye. I've seen ye round here sev'ral times. When did ye get out?'" Mr. Fawcett, who is an American, dedicates *New York* to Henry James. (Sands. 6s.)

## THE SECOND DANDY CHATER.

BY TOM GALLON.

When Mr. Philip Crowdy returned to his native land, he soliloquised thus: "Now, Phil, my boy, you've got to be very careful. The likeness is all right; I've seen a picture of the respected Dandy Chater, and there's nothing to be feared from that point of view." Which means that the author has placed his chief character—an unknown man—in the shoes of a dead man. A strong love interest runs through the story. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

## SAWDUST.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD.

There is much solidity about this story by Madame Longard de Longgarde, which is laid in the little town of Zanek in the Carpathians. The sawdust is produced at Herr Mayer's new sawmill, the opening of which, amid vast village excitement, is the first incident in the story. Mayer's money-making fever is graphically developed, and the story is a somewhat Ibsenish study of business morality in which the reader's attention is powerfully held. (Heinemann. 6s.)

## THE PASHA.

BY DAISY HUGH PRICE.

This story certainly offers an uncommon plot in a love match between a Turkish pasha and an English girl,

whose first knowledge of her lover is derived thus. "But, Mag, just imagine one of the things that this monster of a pasha did!" exclaimed Sophie indignantly. "When the massacre was at its height someone came and told him that his soldiers were burning and plundering and massacring all over the vayalet, and that the streets of the towns were ankle deep in mud—blood I mean—and what do you suppose he said?"

"I can't imagine!" said Magdalen.

"He took out his watch, and asked how long they had been at it. 'Two hours,' the man said. 'Very well,' he answered, 'let them have another two hours, and then you can stop it.'"

Mag was thereby set wondering on Ahmed Ilderim's "redeeming points." She found them. (Allen. 6s.)

## MY HEART AND LUTE.

BY A. ST. LAURENCE.

A love story opening in the hero's rooms at Oxford. We foresee the programme when Jack Wentworth and Daisy Egerton wander "through the cloistered quadrangle" what time "the mighty tower of the old cloisters, glistening in the silver light of the full moon, seemed to possess the glamour of fairyland." Chapters like "Pottersfield Society," "Drifting," "The Rift Within the Lute," &c., are stepping-stones to a pleasing dénouement. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

## THE LOST REGIMENT.

BY ERNEST GLANVILLE.

The cover shows the desert, an armed native, and camels. In the opening the Rejected of Sandhurst are talking. One says: "Now I'll tell you what has occurred to me since this surprising and ridiculous decision was made by the examiners and duly noted to me. Land in Africa may be had at a low rate. I propose buying a few thousand square miles from some native chief, and raising a regiment to be officered by the rejected of Sandhurst." (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

## KARADAC.

BY K. AND H. PRICHARD.

A historical novel. Scene: Jersey. Time: "Long, long ago, past the distant hills of other lives, lived somewhere in the mist beyond them." The collaborators penned this advance note: "Despite all efforts made during the five years which this book has occupied us, we have been unable to find any record of Jersey history descriptive of the period with which the story deals. But we are indebted for sidelights on the subject to various old chronicles—as, for instance, the *Roman de Rou*, written by one Robert Wace, a Jerseyman—through which are scattered allusions to the Island." (Constable. 6s.)

## DEACON BRODIE.

BY DICK DONOVAN.

This ingenious author has given to the world no fewer than twenty detective stories. The sub-title of *Deacon Brodie* is "Behind the Mask." Says Mr. Donovan: "The career of Deacon Brodie provides us with one of the most puzzling problems that can be presented to the student of human nature. This remarkable man furnishes us with an instructive instance of how a clever man may lead a double life—a life by daylight, and a life behind a mask which no one suspects." So did *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—that rare book. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

## BLACK MARY.

BY ALLAN M'LAULAY.

By the author of *The Rhymer*, a story which gave the author's idea of Robert Burns. *Black Mary*, too, is Scotch, and is an attempt "to embody in fictional form the traditions, the homely sayings, the surroundings, and mode of life of an old-time family in old-time Scotland." Oral tradition and family papers have helped to provide material. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## The Sensational Serial.

## An Enquiry.

THE re-issue, in a genteel format, of the enslaving works of Emile Gaboriau\* should be an event of special interest to a generation whose appetite for sensational serials surpasses that of any previous generation. For Gaboriau, besides being the chosen novelist of Bismarck, was the greatest mere sensation-monger, save one, that ever lived. His superior, of course, was Eugène Sue, author of the incomparable *Wandering Jew* and *The Mysteries of Paris*. Sue has been denied the title of artist, because he was careless in style and construction. But he indeed had a style, though his sentences were often more ragged than even Stendhal's. All that can be urged against his construction is that construction so marvellous might have been neater. Sue belonged to the Titanic age. He had that enormity and grandeur of idea with which Dumas and Hugo inoculated a whole epoch. The entry into the house hermetically sealed for a century, and the sudden striking of the clock therein: no one who has read it can forget that apparently simple incident. Out of a blurred past of omnivorous reading, it is one of the few salient and sharp memories—those memories which recur to the mind frequently, *à propos de bottles*. If Sue was not an artist because he could not "write," then Rossetti was not an artist because he could not "draw"; but it is only in academies that they talk so; the single indispensable attribute of the artist is imaginative force, a quality not included in any curriculum. Sue had this force, and by the power of it he made for himself a vogue such as no other novelist, excepting neither Scott nor Dumas nor Dickens, has had the fortune to enjoy. In the 'forties, people used to form queues, as for a first night, to read the *Débats* and the *Constitutionnel* while Sue's *feuilletons* were running; places in these queues were bought and sold. And this astounding fever was kept burning for months at a time, for the romances of Sue were no brief affairs; in book form they occupied ten, twelve, and sixteen volumes. Here, in truth, was the monarch of serialists, the supreme prodigy of the *à suivre*. Had he lived in the age of Harmsworth instead of the age of Wordsworth, what would his prices have been per thousand!

Gaboriau was a lesser figure, but a figure not to be despised. He was more than a mechanical concocter. In craftsmanship, though not in the amplitude of his inspiration, he excelled Sue, and he certainly had what is called "a pretty gift" of writing. The perusal of *Monsieur Lecoq*, and its sequel, *The Honour of the Name*, has, we confess, impressed us with a sense of Gaboriau's sterling ability. The first book, in which the afterwards-famous Lecoq commences his career by a brilliant failure, begins with a murder, and is nothing more than a detective story; but it is a detective story conceived in the true romantic manner, and depending for effect more on its general atmosphere of a terrible mystery than on circumstantial ingenuities. Sherlock Holmes might have taught Lecoq many little dodges, but Lecoq was by far the greater intellect—an

intellect that moved in larger curves on a higher plane. Character, rather than event, controls the progress of the tale, and this is clearly perceived in the sequel—an immense novel which distinctly recalls Balzac's "Les Paysans," and is, moreover, a very tolerable imitation of that sinister drama. From *The Honour of the Name* you perceive that Gaboriau, thereby proving himself an ambitious and intrepid artist, had drawn together in the murder the threads of a vast and complicated politico-social intrigue rooted in the national life of France. *The Honour of the Name*, despite its sensational aspects, is quite a serious study of history; it shows the fatal war of class against class, and it is the record, not of a few individuals, but of a society. One cannot but observe that the French novelist has, as regards material, a two-fold advantage over the English: first, in the political vicissitudes of France during the nineteenth century, and, second, in the peculiar functions of the *Juge d'Instruction* under French criminal law. France seems to have made her history for the behoof of her novelists. As for the *Juge d'Instruction* he is simply invaluable. Take, for an instance, the long examination of May by M. Segmuller in *Monsieur Lecoq*; it is almost the best thing in the book, and serves a thousand ends. But Gaboriau could have succeeded without either French history or the *Juge d'Instruction*. The entrance of Blanche into the cottage and her poisoning of Marie Anne, in *The Honour of the Name*, is an excellent sample of his rich inventive faculty. And his skill in *synthesising* the significance of multitudinous facts in one item of evidence is finely exemplified in his use of the phrase uttered by the captured murderer—"It is the Prussians who are coming" (in *Lecoq*). Before reaching the conclusion of the sequel you are made to see that the whole tragedy is wrapped up in that phrase. In fine, it was not by chance that Gaboriau acquired his reputation. We in England have rather condescended towards him, as the artificer of a glorified penny-dreadful: that is a mistake.

The sensational serial in England nowadays has fallen to a despicable level. Nearly all popular journals run a serial, and many of them would pay handsomely, recklessly, for a good one. The demand for serials is regular and enormous; even the syndicates, who are omnipotent, cannot satisfy themselves. We could name several writers who make a steady income of fifty pounds a week, and more, from serials. We know of a lady who fell ill after writing five serials at once—so much was her work in request, and so tempting the offered remuneration. And yet, though the serial is a province of literary art, there is no good serialist. Nay, there is no sign of a reasoned effort to produce a good serial. What, then, is the secret of the few commercially successful serialists? It is a secret of piffling ingenuity—we use that epithet because it is the correct one. These writers have posed the question: "Why do editors print serials?" They have found the answer: "In order to persuade the reader to buy the next number." And they have rejoined: "Very well; we will make the reader buy the next number." This is one view of the undertaking, but it is a short-sighted and imperfect view, because it embraces only the parts, and never the whole. It results in an entirely vicious subordination of the parts to the whole; there is, in fact, no whole, but merely a succession of parts. It means writing from day to day, or from week to week, without due consideration of what has preceded or what will follow. We have critically read several well-advertised sensational serials, written over notorious signatures, and in none have we found a trace of architectonic design; indeed, it was obvious, in more than one of them, that the author, instalment by instalment, mystified himself exactly as much as he mystified the reader. The common way of writing a serial is to devise an inexplicable set of circumstances and leave the solution to the future—to burn one's boats, as it were. This mode is like giving a bill at a

\* *Monsieur Lecoq, The Honour of the Name.* (Downey. 6s.)

month; in the end the author must pay heavily by the sacrifice of probability. The more startling the earlier chapters, the less convincing will be the later. We remember a case, in the *feuilleton* of one of the wealthiest daily papers in England, where the author, hard-driven for incident, actually killed her hero before the tale was half-finished. It was a fatal error, as she at once perceived, and her sole course was to raise him from the dead; this she did, within the next thousand words. Perhaps she was juggling with five serials together. Such tricks, and such a method, necessarily rob the reader of all interest save an infantile, idle curiosity—a curiosity which can be satisfied for a halfpenny or a penny, and which in time becomes with him a habit, like drink or pulling the moustache. Hence it is that some shrewd editors will tell you that one serial is as good as another—that names are valueless. Titillate perfunctorily this perfunctory curiosity of their readers, and they ask no better, and will pay “a pound a thou.”

A serialist with a head on his shoulders, and some genuine imagination, might bring all Fleet-street to its knees before him in a month. He would only imitate the rest in his choice of subject. A popular serial must have horror and mystification; horror and mystification mean crime, and crime means the detection of crime; therefore the typical serial must be, in essence, a detective story. The artistic serialist would begin, privately, not at the beginning, but at the end, of his tale. The grand mistake, universally made, is to imagine the discovery of the crime first instead of its committal; to fit the crime to the circumstances, when obviously the circumstances should fit the crime. Surely it is simpler and neater to match a hole with a stick by boring the hole with the stick than by whittling a stick to fill an existing hole! Your common serialist makes his hole first, and the stick either won't go in or goes in too easily. What has happened before the beginning of the serial is what must happen at the end; and, knowing this, the author is less likely to stumble into that pitfall of serialists, the anti-climax. Knowing this, he has a foundation on which to build, a compass to guide, an anchor to secure. Only by omniscience on the part of the author can the reader's interest be piled up and accumulated. And it is just that accumulation of interest which the modern serialist fails to accomplish. The reader is usually more interested in the first instalment than in the last, because he gradually discovers that the author is taking him nowhere in particular. He feels with a child's instinct that there is nothing behind all the pother and mystery. He perceives that he can miss a few days or a few weeks without serious loss. Accordingly not one serial in a hundred reaches its aim of increasing a circulation. If it were sufficiently well done—that is to say, if the sagacious serialist of imagination laboured upon the principles which underlie all art, popular or esoteric, never magnified the parts at the expense of the whole for the sake of a temporary advantage, and never did anything without a clearly defined purpose—the interest of a serial might be raised to an intolerable pitch of curiosity; it might preoccupy a whole community, keep people awake at nights, and cause fights in front of Smith's bookstalls. Such a state of affairs is perfectly conceivable, and the wonder is that some Napoleon of the Press has not set about in cold blood to achieve it.

## Things Seen.

### Proteus.

THE spring sun had called the world to life again. It was as if the morning stars had just ceased singing together, and the white fruit trees, the fields, the lambs, and the waves were shouting for joy. From the grass-grown walls of the castle that crumbled by that solitary shore I felt the impulse of the awakening world, heard the happy sounds of life, and saw the frolic of the jocund little waves. As I looked upon that sunny, shallow sea, with its tiny lagoons near at hand, its patches of yellow, shimmering sand, and its multitudinous foam-crested little waves, it needed only that I should

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea

to make the moment complete.

And with the wish He came. Round the headland he came, in this avatar as a shrimper, splashing through the shallow water, the spray tossing over his head, and glistening upon his black beard. Straight towards me he came, driving his net before him—tattered, jubilant, dripping. I waved to him—who would not wave to Proteus?—and through the waters, barefooted, he came towards me. His white teeth shone, the salt sparkled in his tangled hair and beard, and the dripping meshes of his net glistened in the light. Towards me he came, head thrown back, neck bare, sniffing the air, his mouth wide with laughter, bringing his harvest with him, while the rest of the world was still abed. Up from the sea he came, the water dripping from him as he strode over the sands till I could see the whites of his eyes, and hear his deep joyous breathing. Onward he came till he reached the castle wall, and leaning over I gazed gladly at him. Who would not be glad to see Proteus rising from the sea in the first spring of the new century? He paused when he drew near to me. He did not speak, but, turning his rude, laughing face to mine he opened his basket, dipped in a great fist, held up a handful of little shining fish and let them fall glimmering through his fingers. Then he slung the basket on his shoulder, took a deep breath, rolled his laughter to the sky, and passed on landward.

### Mystery.

NEAR Hammersmith Broadway there is a street which invariably gives me a slight shiver as I walk down it. It is broader than most of the roads in that neighbourhood, and is somewhat dimly lighted with indifferently gas. An incident which occurred there once did not tend at the time to dispel my indefinite objections to the street in question. I was walking home rather late one night, when a hansom cab passed me at a slow pace. In it were two men, of whom I scarcely caught a glimpse. What particularly arrested my attention was the extraordinary thing which they held in front of them. It was of an unusual shape, and enormously tall—so tall that it reached above the top of the vehicle—and was wrapped round in white cloth. To the morbid fancy always induced in me by the road I was traversing, it resembled nothing so much as a corpse swathed in the ghastly coverings of the grave. My curiosity being aroused, I determined to follow the adventure to its legitimate conclusion. I had not long to wait. A few yards from me the cab drew up in front of a house standing some little distance from the road. I took up my position on the opposite side, and awaited developments. The two men alighted, and cautiously, very cautiously, they lifted out the “thing” and placed it on the ground. As they did so I distinctly heard it groan. Then one of the men went to the door and knocked three times. It was immediately opened, and I had a good



view of the interior from where I stood. Straight up from the door was a flight of stairs; at the top of them stood a woman in a dressing-gown holding a lighted candle. I pressed forward into the road, keeping well within the shelter of the cab, and was rewarded by hearing the man call up: "Where shall we put it?" The woman's answer was quite distinct: "Take it upstairs; take it upstairs." They lifted it up again (once more I could swear to hearing it groan), and immediately the door was closed on them, and the cab drove briskly off. The next morning at breakfast, while glancing through my paper, my eyes fell on the following paragraph: "Stolen, from the — Concert Room, on the afternoon or evening of —, a Harp, belonging to the — Amateur Orchestral Society. Anyone giving information which will lead to its recovery, will be rewarded."

## Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. ZOLA's new book, *Travail*, is a curious jumble of realistic and Utopian worlds. Needless to say, M. Zola achieves his best effects in the darker world. The first three hundred pages of *Travail* are strong and even noble. The infamous exists, and it would not be M. Zola if he did not depict it with fervour and fluency. But above and beyond the trivialities, the basenesses of our modern life, the winged idea of hope, of progress, the beneficent sentiment of human love and fraternity, hover like the flag of promise. The man Luc interests us as all idealists interest. These three hundred pages are impregnated with a force, a tenderness, a pity, and a ruthless recognition of facts that fill us with sympathy and admiration of the author. M. Zola takes life so seriously and wishes well to humanity so fervently that we pardon the artistic blemishes, the violences, the exaggeration and lack of discrimination. Here we see and feel his power, in spite of all that is repugnant to the average taste.

It is a stupid thing to attack an author whose views do not agree with your own experience. I know something of this silly injustice. Lately an Irish editor, who has never been inside a convent, acquainted his readers with the supposition that I must be a fiend because I, who have been brought up in convents, disapprove of those institutions. And so I will not fall into this injustice by saying that because all the wealthy bourgeoisie I have known in France are good-living, honourable, charitable, and cultivated persons, faithful husbands and good fathers, admirable wives and mothers, M. Zola lies in his exposition of the same class. M. Zola is afflicted with a loathing of the wealthy middle-class. Is this loathing founded on fact? I cannot say. All I can say is, that I have not met with anything in France to justify it. This may only mean that my opportunities have been considerably less than M. Zola's; but, then, I am what my friends call an idealist. Wickedness must be thrust aggressively under my nose for me to suspect its existence. I never mistrust and I never assume evil. Still, despite my modest conviction of the limitations of my experience, I cannot help believing that M. Zola's belief in the rottenness of the wealthy middle-class of France is unfounded. All the rich Frenchwomen I know are charitable and pure. I cannot say they approve of Collectivism or Socialism in any form, but some of them would assuredly give up their fortune and comforts if Christ appeared once more and asked them to do so. The socialism of early Christianity they tolerate because it lies nineteen centuries behind, when their fortunes were not yet made; but the socialism of to-day, though far less violent, inspires them with terror. But this is a terror they share with all possessors of the world. It does not make them the abject

monsters of M. Zola's imagination. Still, these first 300 pages, taking into account the author's well-known grossnesses and exaggerations, and his lack of literary art and distinction, are fine and noble in tendency. They do honour to the man. All his generosity—and we know of what quality that is composed—is evoked for the poor—the working-classes, viciously exploited by those who wish to profit by it and to enjoy an infamous leisure at their expense. Luc is a kind of apostle. He reaches a dark, dreary, filthy factory town, where drunkenness and misery of all kinds abound, and unconsciously he falls in love with an unfortunate child of the people, Josine, picked up in the gutter by an artisan and scoundrel, who ill-uses her and flings her back into the streets, wounded, broken, and starving. Luc's compassionate heart bleeds, and her misery confronts him with the illimitable misery of the working-class, so he decides to devote himself to the service of the people, and the amelioration of their condition. His notion is to abolish wage and bring about the fusion of interests of workmen and employer, the independence of the former being as essential as that of the latter for the dignity of the race. Luc's comrade is a wealthy man of science, who gives him a factory, a fortune, and a free hand. All this part is interesting, if, like everything Zola writes, ponderous and long-winded. Luc's scheme, which comprises co-operative stores, doing away with the intermediary between producer and consumer, and selling everything little above cost price, meets, of course, with the frantic opposition of all classes—the working-men, who prefer the security of wages; the shopkeepers, who are ruined; the capitalists, and the owners of annual incomes. As long as the scheme fails, and Luc is the victim of public hostility and hate, *Travail* is readable. The folly, vanity, and selfishness of the mob and the bourgeoisie afford M. Zola endless scope for pungent pages. I will not say that they are convincing, but they are ruthless and sincere.

After this we have 366 pages of interminable nonsense to wade through. Luc's scheme unhappily succeeds, which gives us an opportunity of making acquaintance with the revised, regenerated humanity—and world of M. Zola's creation. It has been done before, but never in a drearier, more tiresome fashion. We see the Church of Rome extinguished, presumably a few years hence, and the last priest buried beneath the crumbling ruins of the last church. We assist at the free marriage of at least a hundred couples and the birth of several hundreds more of offspring, all implacably, remorselessly happy and prolific, all working, singing, and laughing throughout the lifelong day, and all condemned every evening to eternal love-making. Silver and precious stones become so cheap, thanks to electricity, that all the women of the people dine out of doors bedecked in diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, eating off silver plates. In this regenerated world it never rains, nobody has the toothache, and everyone is a centenarian. Luc, who was an interesting figure as long as he was a dreamer or a failure, becomes an insupportable prig in success, protected, upheld, and cooed over by three adoring women, who have no other mission than that of clasping his hands and carrying out his wishes. These things are a matter of personal taste; but whenever I meet in literature the "superior" man surrounded by three adoring women, one of whom he loves, and two of whom he pities with ostentatious tenderness (for these victims of misplaced affections are unlike the pining maid who never told her love; each acquaints the impeccable Luc with her unrequited passion, to which he responds with a "ma divine, ma triste amie") he instantly inspires me with a violent antipathy. One unrequited love in the life of a hero is as much as I can stand; but when it comes to two unrequited loves, mutually aware of their misfortune, and gazing gratefully (and together) into the beloved absent eyes, then I own to pity for a writer who is without a sense of humour. It would be

difficult to name a writer more lamentably deficient in humour than M. Zola; so that when he leaves the region of strife and misery and wickedness, where he shines with a grim and ghastly originality, and plunges into the raptures of blessedness, of purity, of fraternity, he becomes that worst of bores, the ridiculous man who takes himself with fervent gravity. And so I lay down *Travail* with a sensation of illimitable boredom, marvelling at the energy and labour so grotesquely misspent, and glad we have not arrived, and assuredly will not arrive, in our day at the stage of perfection so madly dreamed of by M. Zola.

H. L.

## Dreyfus.

THERE ought to be no delusion about Alfred Dreyfus's book, *Five Years of My Life*, of which a translation has been published this week by Messrs. Newnes. It has been promptly and widely noticed, but with a certain absence of comment and abundance of quotation not to be misunderstood. Our own opinion is that the book is an unnecessary and, in the end, an uninteresting record of the captivity and torture undergone by Dreyfus on the Ile du Diable. It is in no way concerned with what is now the vital part of the Dreyfus position; that is to say, with the future vindication of his honour. Yet any book which Dreyfus published at this juncture ought, we think, to have begun where this book leaves off, and to have taken purpose and colour from his final declaration: "The Government of the Republic gives me back my liberty. It is valueless to me without honour. From this day, I shall continue to demand the reparation of the frightful judicial error of which I am still the victim." In publishing the mere narrative of his mental and bodily sufferings on the Ile du Diable Dreyfus is indulging himself, and is rather presuming on the interest felt in his unfinished and still darkly clouded case. It was conceivable, however, that he might make good this claim to the world's attention. He might have enthralled us by the dignity and pathos of his story, and by a wisdom distilled from suffering. But he has not done this. That ghastly prosaicism which has clung to the whole Dreyfus drama is preserved in this crude record. We have seen the causes of Dreyfus's misery; here is the effect without noble surprises or conquest of soul. The treatment he received was calculated to make a man writhe, and he writhes. He certainly endures, too; in what manner and to what extent we shall see. That Dreyfus was condemned by infamous methods is agreed, that he suffered frightful tortures is agreed, and that his liberation was a tardy act of justice is agreed; but all this does not bind us to love the man. His book might have bound us: it fails to do so because it is an inventory of obvious suffering, unlighted and unlifted. Wild and ceaseless protestations of innocence are but tit-for-tat unless the power and peace of innocence descend and are seen like a garment. Expressions of agony do not prevail unless they subside. Dreyfus gives himself, and us, no rest from himself; and the effect is often that of a child endeavouring to cry when it is no longer natural to do so. He recites every worry and privation, and brings no scorn to his own aid, or our relief. From Nature and from books he draws no comfort, though for comfort he clamours without ceasing. One's pity is rudely awakened, but it is not the reverential pity which one would fain offer to the man who for five years was the chief of "all prisoners and captives." If only the diary showed us once or twice how the human mind can beam like the sun on the dreariest shoal of Time! That it can we know, and we wish to see a little of that sublimity. But Dreyfus wearies us even of his innocence. We are defeated by the miscellany of woe—black cruelty and a cut finger, an infamous fate and eyes that "suffer atrociously" from

the smoke of a fire, world-shaking injustice and no dinner plates. Nor are we interested—why should we be?—to read:

The wretch who committed this infamous crime will be unmasked. Oh, if I only had him here for five minutes, I would make him undergo all the torments that he has been the means of making me suffer; I would tear out his heart and his entrails without pity.

That these words could be written in the hut on the Ile du Diable, when the eyes of his guards were scorching his brow, and night was drawing near with chains and dreams, we can well understand. But why, in another mood, were they not expunged? And why, after five years, are they published from an armchair? For it is the Dreyfus of to-day who is responsible for this picture of Dreyfus of yesterday. He has reproduced his groans in a phonograph, and that, we submit, is a proceeding neither useful nor dignified. Still less is it literature. Indeed, the literary lesson of the book is the powerlessness of a theme—however poignant—to hold the mind when neither imagination nor simplicity is there to give it pathos.

But the chief regret we have about this book is that it depresses one's idea of the mental and spiritual resources which an innocent man may hope to find in years of bitter trial. What is innocence if it only enables us to shout "I am innocent" in every key of hatred, wrath, and pleading, without moments in which scorn, or humour, or pity, or the serene vision of the littleness of man and the majesty of nature, are helpful. But if we misconceive what is possible to human nature on the Ile du Diable, if Dreyfus's conduct was the top of endurance, then we shall still ask: why publish the record now, when the furnace is cooled, and good judgment possible?

## Correspondence.

### The History of the English Jesuits.

SIR,—I do not propose to reply to the strictures of your reviewer; I prefer to allow the readers of my book to form their own opinion. But as the authenticity of the portrait I give as Robert Parsons's has been questioned I must ask you to allow me space to set forth certain facts connected with the picture.

Your reviewer says the frontispiece "is not that of Parsons at all. It is that of a mitred abbot painted in 1622—the date is apparent on the canvas." I notice your reviewer follows the lead of the *Tablet*, and I have little difficulty in identifying the source. My eyes told me, at least four years ago, that the date was 1622. Anyone but a blind man could see that. I might have been credited with sufficient intelligence to know that 1622 is not the date of Parsons's death, which I give on the same page as 1610; and also with the knowledge that Parsons did not wear a mitre nor use a crozier. It might, therefore, have been supposed that I had reasons, perhaps beyond the ken of your reviewer, for selecting that particular portrait.

The question is: Is my frontispiece the portrait of Parsons? Your reviewer says "No." I say "Yes." And my reasons are as follows: All the existing portraits of Parsons are, as far as I know, posthumous. I have not been able to find one contemporary representation. In the various pictures—some nine or ten—I have collated one has to allow for those same fancies of artists and those same idiosyncracies of engravers that one finds, say, in the portraits of St. Ignatius himself. These artists worked from sketches supplied probably from memory. On three separate occasions I collated the engravings, and on the last occasion I had the advantage of the opinion of an expert. The conclusion he came to coincided with mine—viz., that all these portraits (mine included) come from one original. He had not the slightest hesitation in saying that the one reproduced as a frontispiece to my book is the same individual represented in all the other engravings.



Did your reviewer take the trouble to collate the engravings before making so decided a judgment?

I have now to face the difficulty of the date and the coat of arms. In view of the identity of the personage these, at first sight formidable, sink into a secondary position. May they not be connected with the artist and his patron? Such a custom is not unknown. I should be glad if your reviewer will mention any existing portrait of a contemporary abbot (why not a bishop?) in a similar dress. I can safely say the dress is not prelatial, but it is that of a Jesuit. The strange, seemingly furry garment can be traced in various engravings to the reverse of the Jesuit mantle, and in this particular case it shows the engraver's fancy was at work. I will add, for your reviewer's information, that on my copy the engraver adds the words: "Robert Parsons, Jesuit." Is it likely that an engraver would make a mistake about the personage he was representing?

As regards the Valladolid portrait your reviewer mentions, it has been known to me for at least four years, and a copy is before me as I write. It is a more imaginative production than any of the others. There is a group of enraptured seminarists gazing in wonder and awe at an ecstatic Father Parsons. I may fairly be asked why, when I had so many portraits to choose from, I should select the one reproduced. The answer is easy. This one is the least repulsive, the least forbidding and harsh representation of the great Jesuit. I wanted to present Parsons at his best. Perhaps the care I have taken about this portrait will be the best answer to so ridiculous a statement as that I do not always quote from first-hand authorities nor invariably verify my references. —I am, &c.,

ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

P.S.—I let other people call me "Reverend," and I do not see it is necessary to emulate the laundry-woman who signs her receipts "Mrs. Brown." The general custom nowadays is to omit the prefix on the title-page. There is nothing Jesuitical about it, except that the Jesuit fathers do the same.

[Father Taunton's letter throws no new light on the subject under discussion. We must still consider the date and the motto to be objections fatal to his theory; and we shall be interested to hear from Father Taunton the name of the "expert" who would deprive these indications of their commonly recognised significance, or would set against them, as of equal or greater value, the often-erring engraver's label. We hear without surprise that the *Tablet* takes the same view; and we must still hold by our little point that Father Taunton, writing as a secular priest against a Jesuit, would have done well to fly his flag. Does he really mean by his postscript that a Jesuit author, who openly appends S.J. to his name, and does not, therefore, need to prefix the "Reverend" to be identified as such, is in the same case with himself? If so, we must really begin to discover in our author a Jesuit in disguise.]

\*\* We regret that owing to pressure on our space several letters are necessarily held over.

## Our Weekly Competition.

### Result of No. 84 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best character sketch of bird or beast. We award it to Mr. C. Fred Kenyon, Westminster House, Ellesmere-park, Eccles, for the following:

#### THE PARROT.

He was distinctly a bird of a decadent turn of mind. Life to him was one long, all-absorbing pose—a pose that never deceived any one, least of all himself. It was his desire to be thought dangerous, the kind of bird that should not be permitted to mix freely with younger members of the same species, for fear lest he should corrupt their morals. He was *blasé*—oh! so dreadfully tired of existence that he never moved except to wink dolefully and say: "I've no morals at all. I'm a social outcast. The vicar never calls on me!" And then, with a subtly-refined gesture of the right foot, he clearly indicated that his wickedness was to be taken for granted, and that

polite protestations of disbelief could not possibly be accepted. He had one day heard these words from the lips of a chance visitor, who had related them in connexion with a humorous anecdote, and, for some occult reason, they had remained on his tongue ever since. "I've no morals at all!" This was his hourly exclamation, and the dirty condition of his newly-cleaned cage gave colour to the truth of this remark.

After an absence of three weeks, during which the immoral parrot was left in the hands of a caretaker, we discovered him asleep. His cage was beautifully clean, and his feathers in correct and conventional order. We looked on amazed. Was *this* our parrot? Surely not. He awoke with a start, and eyed us for one second, and one second only; then swiftly he dived his foot into the pot in which his food was placed, and scattered the contents in all directions. With ruffled feathers, he shrilly insisted: "I'm a social outcast! I've no morals at all!" The *poseur* had been discovered. [C. F. K., Eccles.]

Other character-sketches follow:

#### THE COLLIE DOG NEXT DOOR.

Jimmy's most striking characteristic was his pomposity: no dog ever performed the most ordinary actions with such a consequential air as he. But for his self-imposed duties, our street would have rapidly degenerated, for who but he kept it free from intruders in the shape of strange dogs and passing tramps? Who but he concerned himself that no squalling children should remain within his precincts? Jimmy would have been perfectly happy but for his evident belief in the motto, "Waste not, Want not," for no sooner was he given food which he did not want, but was too polite to refuse, than his troubles began. With an anxious, careworn expression, he used to hurry about in search of a secret burying place, where it could lie hid until he needed it. It was often hours before he considered himself sufficiently free from observation to bury his booty. Sometimes he laid aside his seriousness and indulged in a game of romps, like any other puppy; but should he meet us in the street the following day, he invariably cut us dead; I think he feared that we might have forgotten ourselves and have made familiar advances in public. He cherished undying hatred towards lady cyclists—they were the "abomination of desolation" to him; and never was he more calmly complacent than when he had accomplished the downfall of one. Tourists he tolerated—I think for the sake of their sandwiches, of which he was a connoisseur. But one day he was compelled to follow his master's trap, just like any other dog; he did not long survive this disgrace. Some say that he died of exhaustion, but the truth was that the degradation was more than Jimmy could bear; he had nothing left to live for; his supremacy over all the other dogs vanished when, metaphorically speaking, he had been seen attached to his master's chariot wheels. [K. M. P., N. Wales.]

#### TOBY.

He was a large, white cat, his name was Toby, and he was the possessor of as dual a personality as is possible to cat nature. Apparently very slow and gentle, he was actually most predatory. Frequently we missed him for days together, but, as he became known to the fishermen of the village, we received tidings of him. "We had a heavy catch of herrings this morning, miss, and that white cat of yours is down on the beach carrying the fish away and coming back for more." This was one of his favourite performances. One day the house smelt unaccountably of fish; a search revealed several herrings hidden under various beds and doormats. When fish was scarce he still had periods of absence; then we should hear: "That cat of yours, miss, has been rabbiting on the cliffs the last three days." He always came back as gentle as if he had never stirred from home; would allow children to dress him in doll's clothes and wheel him about in a perambulator without a mew or a scratch. He had his self-respect, too, and a tinge of vanity. When the snow was melting on the sloping roofs of the old house, and it was difficult even for a cat to keep its footing, he would slide down on one side; but, once in the house, lay on that side, and show only an apparently spotless coat. In those snowy days, many a poor frozen sparrow fell an easy victim to the keen hunter, who, at the sight of prey, set all gentleness aside. Like some great men of whom there has been much talk lately, he showed, linked to a warlike spirit, great love of peace and domesticity. [A. M. B., Wimbledon.]

Thirty other contributions received and considered.

### Competition No. 85 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best note on some current new word, phrase, or habit of speech. Limit 200 words.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, May 8. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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